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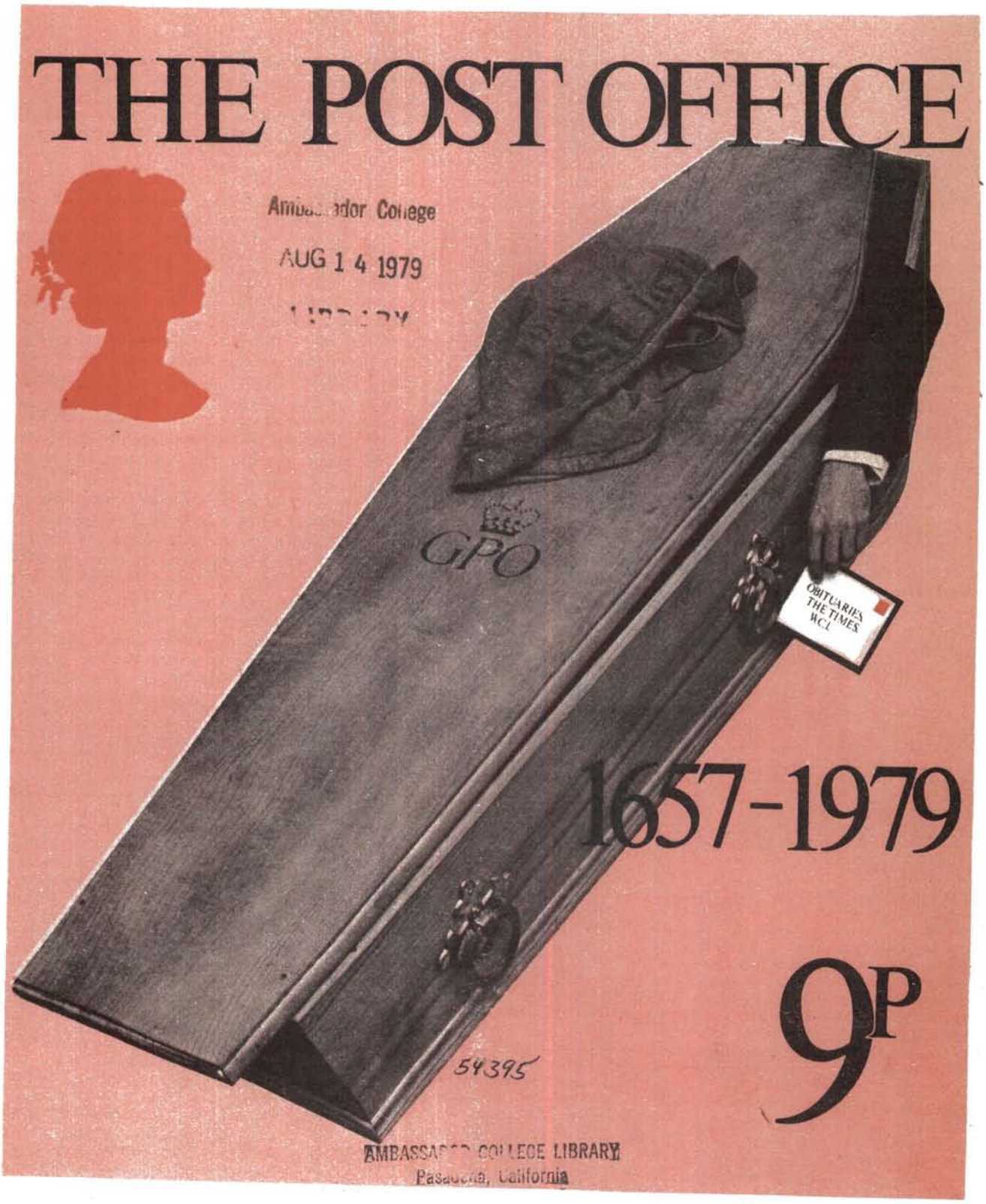

LAST POST

Jeremy Thorpe and the financiers

Boat People: The new Holocaust

Eva Figes: Obscenity

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An Asian Holocaust

A HOLOCAUST is now taking place in Southeast Asia and, as in the past, the British are ignoring it. In Vietnam, in Cambodia, in Thailand, in Malaysia, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children are being forced to their deaths. Their only hope is in a response from the Western industrialised nations. So far our response has been derisory.

Vietnam's treatment of its Chinese minority has been compared with Hitler's treatment of the Jews; they are being sent, according to Peking, into 'liquid gas chambers'. This is hyperbole, of course: Hanoi is offering some chance of escape. Only half its refugees are thought to have drowned so far – the Hong Kong Government (which deserves praise for the humane competence with which it is handling an impossible situation) reckons that about a quarter of a million have died at sea. But the parallels between this and the previous holocaust are striking. Like the Jews, the Chinese in South Vietnam were largely urban dwellers and, as elsewhere in Southeast Asia, a powerful mercantile class. And like the Jews they form an easy racist scapegoat for the economic ills which thirty years of war thrust upon Vietnam.

But the problem is far wider than the ethnic Chinese minority; about 40 per cent of those fleeing Vietnam are now said to be Vietnamese. Nor does the unfortunate term 'boat people' adequately encompass the problem – the plight of the 'camp people' or the 'foot people' from Cambodia is just as terrible. After Henry Kissinger had laid waste that land it was subjected to four years of unbelievable brutality from the Khmer Rouge and is now torn once again by war as the Vietnamese seek (vainly so far) to impose their own socialism upon it. Refugees say that no rice has been planted this year and that millions of people face famine. Yet the Thai Government, like the Malaysian, is driving the refugees back into the hell from which they have emerged.

Comparison with the last Holocaust is legitimate and is especially dreadful in terms of Western reactions then and now. It is a well documented (and largely ignored) part of the murder of the Jews that the British and American Governments refused countless opportunities to rescue hundreds of thousands of them in the Thirties and early Forties. In 1938, the British delegate at the Evian Conference, Lord Winterton, pleaded that British problems of overcrowding and unemployment prevented us from taking refugees; no firm action was taken and the German press exulted over our 'crocodile tears'. In December 1941 the Rumanian ship *Struma* sank in the Mediterranean with a cargo of 769 refugees after the British refused to let it land in Palestine. Harold Macmillan declared: 'It is not in our power to give guarantees to take measures of a nature that may compromise the present policy regarding illegal immigration.' And so it went on and on.

THE PITIFUL THING is that exactly the same excuses are being made today. Housing, employment, immigration, schooling are all being cited as excuses for casting hundreds of thousands of people to their deaths. Mrs Thatcher has even revoked the Labour Government's promise to give asylum to refugees rescued – as British and international law demands – by British ships. Sail by, masters, on the other side.

President Carter, recognising America's responsibility in the matter, has now raised its monthly quota to 14,000; this is still too few. France has taken over 50,000 since 1975 and is also raising its quota now. The City of Paris has sent a ship to rescue refugees. Italy has sent two ships. In France the Left has taken up the issue and Jean Paul Sartre has added his voice to the demands for a vast rescue operation. In Britain the Left has been silent – except for some odious comments that since these people are fleeing 'socialism' and may well be bourgeois they are undeserving of help.

There can be no end to this disaster until we recognise our responsibility. The UN High Commissioner for Refugees has devised a quota system whereby Britain would take just 10,000 of those refugees now awaiting resettlement. Mrs Thatcher is callously resisting it; even some of her own ministers and officials are said to be shocked by her intransigence. The Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Murray MacLehose, is reported to be appalled.

What is needed, and at once, is a campaign across party lines to urge the government to accept the political responsibility which comes from having underwritten the Vietnam war and the moral responsibility which comes from any country watching thousands of people die because of its own indifference. Through the Sixties and Seventies successive British governments supported American policy in Indochina – even the criminal lunacies of Nixon and Kissinger. We were told, and the South Vietnamese, the Cambodians and the Laos were told, that the fight was for freedom. Now hundreds of thousands of those people are either seeking or being forced to seek the 'freedom' the West holds so dear. For their impertinence we are murdering them.

NOTES

BP's skilful way with oil embargoes

Martin Bailey writes: The US Continental Oil Company (Conoco) has confirmed that the swap arrangement which it signed with BP a few months ago was for the shipment of Indonesian oil to South Africa – despite the fact that Indonesia has for many years had a strict embargo on oil sales to apartheid. The arrangement was that BP would supply North Sea crude oil to Conoco's Humberside refinery, and in return Conoco would provide BP with oil from Indonesia; BP was responsible for actually shipping the crude oil from the Indonesian port to its Durban refinery.

The Indonesian government claims that it has gone to considerable lengths to enforce its South African embargo by requiring documentary proof of the final destination of its oil exports. Both Conoco and BP may therefore face retaliatory action as a result of these latest revelations: BP has substantial investments in oil exploration in Indonesia; Conoco began lifting oil two years ago, and last January it opened a second oilfield in Indonesia.

It is Nigeria, however, which is posing the biggest headache for executives in BP's Britannic House. Just over two months ago the Nigerian authorities seized a South African-owned tanker, the *Kulu*, which BP had foolishly sent to the Nigerian port of Bonny. The Nigerians forced the tanker to unload its valuable cargo, worth $30 million, before it was allowed to leave Nigerian waters. Then two weeks ago it was announced that Nigeria was cutting back its sales to BP by a quarter – reducing BP's purchases by $2 million a day – in retaliation against the company's involvement in South Africa. News of the latest BP-Conoco swap will only exacerbate BP's Nigerian problems.

Bruce Page adds: Next week, Martin Bailey's book *Oilgate* is published, raising numerous awkward questions for Whitehall. Not least of these concern the oil companies' activities as political lobbyists. Shell – which, along with BP admitted to wholesale sanctions-busting – claims to have a wholly apolitical corporate philosophy. And last year's Bingham Report largely accepted the claim. But Bailey's *Oilgate* points out that Sir Frank McFadzean of Shell didn't let this philosophical commitment inhibit him from trying to persuade the British government to recommence arms sales to South Africa. Meeting George (now Lord) Thomson to settle cover-up plans for Rhodesian oil supplies, he went on to inform the Minister of State of his fears that the arms embargo against South Africa would 'have repercussions in other commercial fields'. Lifting the embargo would improve relations with the 'moderate' Dr. Vorster. And more of the same.

The Tornado crash still unexplained

Andrew Cockburn writes: For some years now wags in West German Air Force messes have been bringing the house down by asking 'Why does the Tornado have swing wings?' To which the answer comes roaring back: 'So that they can get it in the doors of the Deutsche Museum'. Quality apart, the crack reflects a less starry eyed attitude to the multinational project that crashed in the Irish sea two weeks ago than the one usually found in our own aviation columns.

The British press has cast a suitably patriotic veil of obscurity over the disaster; for the most part they have been content to echo the Ministry of Defence suggestions that the crash may have been due to pilot error. Although this leaves the MRCA Tornado looking good the theory is causing not a little discontent among the British Aerospace and RAF test pilots working on the programme.

The Multi-Role Combat Aircraft, like the camel, was designed by a committee. The comparison is looked on by some as being unfair to camels, who tend to carry out their specified mission with economy and efficiency. In theory it is simultaneously a fighter to duel with other fighters in the sky, a close air support plane to assist troops on the battlefield, and an 'interdiction/strike' bomber. 'Strike' is the usual euphemism for a nuclear mission. In fact, it is only conceivably effective in the strike role. The RAF has been looking for this type of plane ever since the TSR2 was brought down. Although there have been muffled complaints from upper levels of the Luftwaffe that their original requirement for a cheap close air support aircraft has been goldplated to the point where it would be economic futility to expose a £10m. plus plane to a

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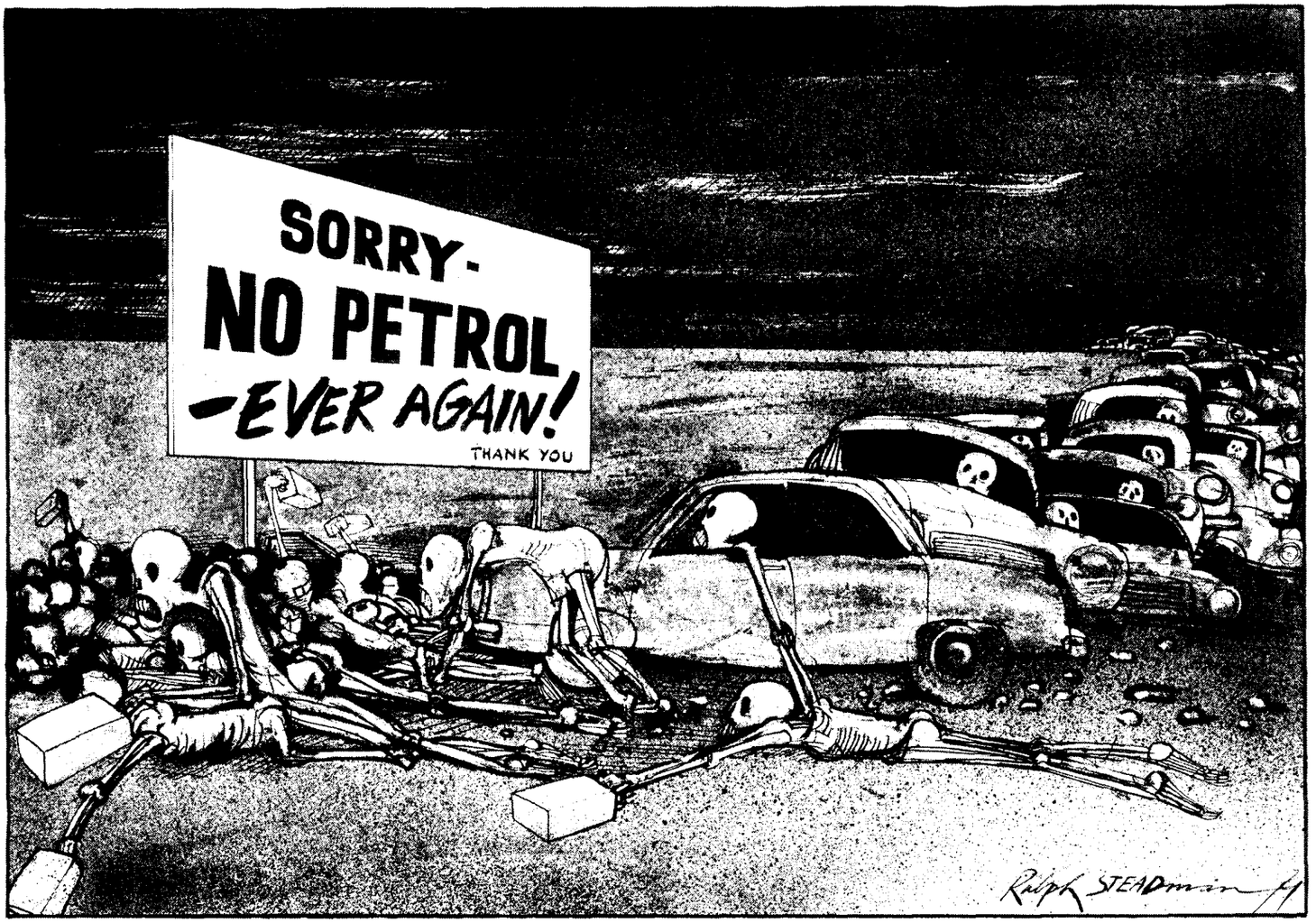

NOTES

cheap machine gun they are none the less discreetly pleased to have a new nuclear bomber all of their own. The third partner in the project, the Italians, wanted a fighter plane, which it isn't. They have had to swallow their disappointment, mollified by the thought that most of their bills have been paid by the Germans anyhow.

In the attempt to make the Tornado MRCA an all weather low level precision bomber the cost has assumed staggering proportions. At the same time the electronics of the plane are exceedingly sophisticated and complex, and therein may lie a more likely explanation of the recent crash than the slur on an experienced pilot. Experience with other projects of the same kind, such as the American F-111 and the F-14, indicates that the overall reliability of these super-sophisticated 'avionics' systems declines in inverse proportion to their complexity. Sometimes the system will malfunction without apparent cause, as has been the case with some of the crashes of the US Navy's F-14 Tomcat.

Last July, a buccaneer aircraft crashed at the West French RAF base in Scotland, killing both the crew. That was ascribed to 'pilot error' at the time, but the plane was being used as a testbed for the low level capabilities of the Tornado's avionics. The recent crash of the Tornado prototype off Blackpool came when the plane was practising fast low flying.

Why air fares go up

Thomas Land writes from Geneva: The vast air spaces reserved by European governments exclusively for military use lengthen intra-European flight distances by an average of 15 per cent, according to Knut Hammerskjold, Director-General of the United Nations International Air Transport Association (IATA). Different techniques employed for the control of military aircraft traffic also prevent Europe from establishing an efficient and unified civilian traffic control system. Europe's fragmented system is thus becoming inadequate even for normal needs, and the world's airlines, represented by IATA, are expecting new industrial disputes involving European air traffic controllers during July and August.

Says Hammarskjold: 'On intra-European services the airlines fly, on average, a distance 15 per cent greater than the direct (Great Circle) distance. And in the case of one particular route, the extra distance flown is 47 per cent of the direct distance. These extra distances and the general inefficiencies of the system significantly increase the cost of operating air transport services in Europe – with a consequent impact on air fares, not to mention the terrible waste of fuel involved.' These conditions affect more than intra-European travel, as the continent is the natural hub of long-haul services from all parts of the world.

Out of the closet, into the streets

John Ryle writes: There was unprecedentedly heavy policing at last week's Gay Pride march through London, marking the tenth anniversary of the Stonewall riot, a weekend of violence against the police at a New York gay bar that gave birth to the gay liberation movement. The violence was repeated last month in San Francisco when homosexuals demonstrated against the light sentence given to the murderer of a gay city supervisor. But Saturday's march, taking an uncontentious route through the West End, saw no such trouble. The Gay Pride Week Committee said they were 'playing down politics and emphasising fun'.

The tactics reflect a consensus among established gay organisations such as the Campaign for Homosexual Equality that their role now is to make homosexuality publicly acceptable rather than engage in direct political action. CHE officials point to the growth of organisations like Gay Switchboard, to the development of the commercial gay scene and its integration into the mainstream of the entertainment business (London's biggest gay disco is run by the Rank Organisation) and to increased media coverage of homosexual issues. *Gay News*, however, has reported an increasing number of attacks on homosexuals and Robert Palmer, chairperson of CHE, estimates that prosecutions for homosexual offences are 30 per cent up on pre-1967 figures. One of CHE's chief concerns is with police harassment of gays in recent criminal investigations in Bradford and Northampton. (Lesser complaints include HM Customs impounding of an American publication, *The Joy of Gay Sex*. *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*, in fine Victorian tradition, was allowed in.) Homosexuals in Scotland and N. Ireland, where all homosexual acts between males are illegal, have still less to celebrate, although in Scotland the Lord Advocate gives a year by year undertaking that prosecutions will only be brought when they are in line with English law.

The largely non-political tactics of British gay pressure groups contrast with those in America where big-city gays have become almost as powerful a group of voters as Jews or Blacks and are routinely courted by politicians with liberal views on gay rights, some of whom are openly gay themselves. In Britain, with our only self-acknowledged gay MP, Maureen Colquhoun, unseated at the last election and the Thorpe trial once more lending a bad name to homosexuality in high places, this kind of sexual politics is some way off. But in both Britain and America, the concern of homophile organisations to make homosexuality an acceptable alternative has led to a distinct soft-pedalling on ticklish issues like paedophilia and transvestism.

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Last days of the Post Office?

The Post Office is in a short-term crisis, but has deep-set problems: Sir Keith Joseph's attack on the Post Office monopoly misses the point. Christopher Hird and Patrick Wintour report.

THIS MONDAY Tom Jackson, general secretary of the Union of Postal Workers, went to the House of Commons expecting, like many others, to hear industry minister Sir Keith Joseph say something about splitting the postal and telecommunications divisions into two separate businesses. But Joseph made no mention of this act of major surgery, supported by almost everyone but the UPW. Instead he spoke of the possibility of doing something much more terminal: ending the Post Office's monopoly of the postal service unless the workers improved their ways and increased efficiency. Jackson was flabbergasted: only ten days before he had had a long, frank meeting with Joseph which touched on many sensitive issues, but there was no hint of scrapping the postal monopoly. Jackson knows that such an idea, if implemented, would probably mean the end of a cheap national postal service, a decimation of his union and the death of the Post Office.

For many this may seem no bad thing. The Post Office resembles nothing so much as a large dinosaur which seems to have forgotten how to perform several basic bodily functions, and to which the mortal blow would be an act of mercy. For weeks most people somewhere have been waiting endlessly for a letter from someone, only slightly consoled by the knowledge that soon they could give up hope altogether as the Post Office was in danger of running out of stamps. Many telephone subscribers had not received a bill for months and those hoping to get a telephone installed – a difficult job at the best of times – faced the prospect of long waits. All this, coming on top of years of declining service – fewer postal deliveries, no Sunday collection, more delays – provided a fertile ground for Joseph to launch an attack on public ownership. Strictly speaking, however, he had chosen the wrong target: the UPW is not involved in any dispute with the Post Office which is causing its current problems. The mail is being delayed because there are 10,000 fewer postmen than the Post Office says it needs (particularly in some grades and shifts) and there is a marked lack of enthusiasm among existing postmen to do the extra work whilst their pay is 15 per cent below the national average, compared with an 8 per cent differential five years ago.

Although there is a series of short-term provocations for the problems the Post Office faces today, the deeper causes go back much further. Many of the problems stem from management failures on a broad front in an organization which inherited many of the traditions and personnel of the civil service, of which it was a part until 1969.

Not least among these failings is the Post Office's inability to keep its customers informed about its affairs. Ironically in some senses, of the Post Office's several businesses, it is the most vilified – posts – of which it can be most proud. British postage rates are the second lowest in the world, despite the lack of any government subsidy. The Carter Committee, which reported comprehensively and critically on the Post Office in 1977, reckoned that the efficiency of the British postal service compared favourably internationally. Only the Dutch postal service is also in profit. It is the highly profitable telecommunications side, where productivity, unlike in posts, has been growing, which shows up badly on international comparisons. And it is in this division that the most chaos has been experienced.

Some of the delays in getting a telephone installed today are the results of last year's long strike by the Post Office Engineers Union for a 35 hour week. Worried that their jobs would be threatened by the introduction of new technology, the POEU succeeded in their aim of a shorter working week. But the current plethora of disputes is the pay-off for three years of rigid adherence to the government's pay policy. Until the election the Post Office were still enthusiastically offering 5 per cent under Phase 4, but the arrival of the Tory government and the re-entry into free collective bargaining has brought an end to that. At the same time as this re-entry the Post Office has embarked on a massive job regrading exercise in telecomms and is trying to re-establish 1 July as the date when all wage agreements start – during the last few years starting dates have been established throughout the year. Under these circumstances, union leaders knowing they might be tied to settlements for anything up to eighteen months have been disinclined to settle before other groups in case they agreed a figure less than the going rate for the July 1979 wage round. One union – the 21,000 strong Post Office Management Staff Association – has already held a one day strike, which closed some sorting offices. The Society of Civil and Public Servants, whose agreement dates from April 1979 to July 1980, have rejected a 16 per cent offer and brought 80 of their computer operators in the data processing division out on strike: this is delaying the sending out of telephone bills and the payment of telecomm staff wages. Orders for telecomm equipment have also been retarded.

Sir William Ryland was chairman of the Post Office from 1971 to 1977. It is said that as he was promoted through the GPO he never left a job, he took it with him. The ensuing centralisation, though remarkable, was harmful.

The CPSA, who are in the same dispute as the SCPS, have pulled out seven members who distribute stamps and shortly there could be a national stamp shortage. The engineers' union – the POEU – has just deferred an overtime ban which was planned in support of their similar claim. If they settle – as seems possible – the other unions will follow suit. But through these and other negotiations union leaders have complained of the incredibly inflexible attitude of the management who, unlike, for example, the National Coal Board, have refused to find ways round the guidelines.

Like the NCB, the Post Office needs a productivity deal. The Posts account for about two fifths of the Post Office's 400,000 strong labour force. Posts are labour intensive – over 80 per cent of costs – and the business is growing only slowly. Productivity – as measured by the number of letters and parcels handled by each employee – has fallen by about 8 per cent since 1975.

This experience contrasts sharply with the twenty years up to the middle of the Sixties when productivity rose markedly. However that was also a period in which the volume of business was growing, whereas since the middle of the sixties it has fallen by 14 per cent. There is, however, nothing inevitable about this. Use of the post in Britain is lower than in several European countries and half the level of the United States – which also has a bigger and cheaper telephone system. And some countries have seen a significant growth in their postal service in the last few years – Canada, Denmark, Sweden for example.

The Carter committee was in no doubt about where the trouble lay:

> The Post Office ... has still a long way to go to reach a self-confident and effective marketing presence in the higher levels of management.

The report mentioned several areas in which the Post Office could try an increase in its business: winning back some of the pools coupons and Christmas cards which were no longer carried by post, trying to expand direct mail advertisements, and tapping the market in unaddressed circulars – 800 million a year, of which the Post Office distributed only 40,000. To stand any chance of winning such custom the Post Office would have to change its pricing policy and offer special discount for such work, but in 1977 it showed little sign of doing so, claiming that this would amount to discrimination in favour of one consumer, which by its 1969 statute it is prevented from doing. On examination it was clear that the Post Office were taking a very narrow view of the law interpreting it to mean that the Post Office must not take on new business at a cheap rate, even though that would improve the financial performance of the whole service and thus protect all consumers.

Since the Carter committee reported much has been done to make the Post Office realise that it was in a competitive market. In the past two years an array of discount schemes has been developed. They provide a free introductory offer for the first 1,000 letters in an advertiser's direct mail shot, and a freepost for respondents to newspaper adverts. Discounts have been provided in periodical and book distribution. As a result of this kind of pricing and the general growth in consumer spending the Post Office accounts later this month will show a growth of 5 per cent in letter traffic for 1978-79. Quantity discounts are now widely

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available in parcels, a market in which the Post Office is competitively priced compared with the heavy private and public competition. In 1978-79 parcels moved into profit for the first time; in the previous four years they lost £110m.

BUT SUCH IMPROVEMENTS have not been sufficient to compensate for the lethargy and mistakes of the past. On paper the post labour force is 10,000 below the level agreed between the Post Office and the UPW but it is clear that many executives consider the real requirement is much less and that many postmen are underemployed for a considerable amount of time. The volume of work throughout the year, during the course of a day and within a region can vary substantially and the management would like an increase in the number of part-time workers and more freedom to move existing workers around; as a step to this they want a more frequent and rigorous measurement of the volume of traffic handled within offices. At the moment, reflecting the absence of a large paid staff in the UPW, a considerable amount of responsibility for agreeing manning levels and work loads lies in the hands of local post masters and the shop stewards in their office. This arrangement mirrors a quite remarkable loyalty to the Post Office among the stable workforce and, with the high turnover of staff, should have provided the Post Office with an excellent opportunity to secure an agreement with its workers. But the Post Office's attitude to the unions seems to have swung erratically between a high handed arrogance and an obsequious desire not to offend.

When organisations such as the Post Office Users National Council (POUNC) have suggested ways of improving or measuring productivity the Post Office have wrung their hands and muttered about offending the unions. But when faced with explaining the introduction of sorting mechanisation – something which would not involve massive redundancies – the Post Office took three years to get the UPW agreement in 1975. The nearest the Post Office ever got to a productivity deal was in 1971 when the UPW conference rejected the scheme by 7,000 votes to 6,200.

A great stumbling block has been the union's resistance to management measurement of traffic flow. At the moment this is only done once a year in October. For the rest of the year, estimates are made from presorted sacks and extrapolations from the 35 per cent of mail that has its stamp cancelled at a sorting office: over 45 per cent of mail is metered by customers on their own premises – the rest is bulk mail which cannot be measured as part of an office's traffic flow. The Carter Committee bluntly said the Post Office didn't know how to run a sorting office:

> Some of the physical information on which the effective productivity and performance league tables would need to be based at present is not available . . . it is a nonsense to pretend that it is possible to manage a sorting office at all (except on the basis of getting the letters sorted sufficiently quickly, regardless of cost) without information about how much traffic is being handled during any particular hour, day or week, since the manager concerned has no means of tailoring the number of staff to volume of traffic if he does not know what the volume of traffic is.

The UPW say they are not against work measurement in priniciple but they want to be paid a proper price for agreeing to it. Early in 1976 there were long negotiations over traffic measurement and a productivity deal, which, the UPW claim, was worth only £16 a year per employee. The UPW executive, where the more left-wing London areas are well represented, rejected the deal. Later in the year, the Post Office was back with a better deal and the UPW executive planned to put this to their special pay conference in December. But before this, in a crassly tactless deal, senior Post Office management concocted for themselves a value added productivity deal based on profitability. This was worth over £500 per person and was designed to deal with the management disgruntlement at eroded differentials. After vigorous complaints from the UPW, postmen were offered £100 per man as well. However, the damage was done and the annoyed UPW leadership decided not to put any specific productivity deal to the special conference.

As the 1979 pay round came up, the Post Office emerged with another scheme. The basic increase was to be 8 per cent but there was to be an efficiency deal worth 3 per cent as well. Behind the generalities of the three page agreement ('there will be co-operation in ensuring flexible employment of staff on work appropriate to their grade') the management had two main areas – traffic measurement and increased use of part-time labour. By a narrow margin the executive accepted this deal but it was rejected by a secret ballot of the whole membership on 3 May.

The Post Office hoped that the productivity deal would strengthen the hands of the local postmasters in agreeing working arrangements with the union locally; Tom Jackson thought the wording was meaningless, but said nothing for fear of alerting the Department of Employment who were on the look-out for bogus productivity deals.

Pass the Parcel. Sir William Barlow, the current chairman, blames the low productivity of Tom Jackson's UPW. Sir Keith blames sluggish management and overmanning. Jackson blames mean management and Tory dogma.

THE POST OFFICE may be bad at communicating with its employees, but it is worse than hopeless at communicating with its customers. The major argument for a postal monopoly based on a uniform price is that it is the only way in which a national service can be provided. If the monopoly is scrapped, private operators will take only the profitable routes, leaving the Post Office to serve the rest mainly in rural areas. If private operators are required to take on unprofitable routes, their enthusiam for the business will quickly wane.

But because it has the privilege of a monopoly, there is a particular obligation on the Post Office to make itself publicly accountable and to demonstrate the quality of its service. The Post Office has only one such measure: the proportion of letters delivered on the day after posting. In 1977/78 93 per cent of first class letters achieved this target but last year the ratio fell well into the eighties. This is a particularly crude measure but it has taken a long time to persuade them to produce figures on a regional basis for both telecomms and posts and the very selection of the measure itself reveals a certain arrogance towards the consumer: when Sunday collections were scrapped it had no effect on this index of service because the index compares delivery dates with the date on the stamp, which is the collection date. Nor did they make an effective attempt to explain the circumstances of the 90 per cent increase on mail charges.

Post Office consumers have not been well defended by the government or its appointed watch dog POUNC. The government have made little attempt to impose public service measures on the corporation, or shown much curiosity about how performance compared with other postal services overseas. In technical areas – such as telecomms – civil servants have frequently been grossly ignorant. On one occasion POUNC's 'expert' on overseas mails had two days' experience when he met to quiz the Post Office. Unsurprisingly, the Post Office tends to treat POUNC with at best irritation – most recently by giving it only one month to consider the recently announced price increase.

The defensive attitude of the Post Office to outside criticism is not that surprising. The Carter committee produced a litany of complaint about the lack of essential management information. Until April 1977 no part of the organisation produced monthly accounts and there was a conspicuous absence of costing studies. As a book to come out in October shows, much of their forecasting system in the mid-seventies has been lamentable. Looking back, it is perhaps not surprising that an organisation which knew so little of what was going on internally and was so bad at telling the outside world about it should have difficulty in commanding widespread support, so it is possible for the idea of its death to be seriously proposed.

In the next few weeks Joseph will announce the government's plan to split the postal division (profits £40 million) and telecomms business (profits £3.5 million). The major argument for doing so is that telecomms will find it easier to expand on its own – though no-one can provide an example of its ownership by the Post Office being a constraint on its development so far. In truth the arguments seem finely balanced either way, but splitting would make it easier to sell part of it to the private sector.

The Postal Business: A study in Public Sector Management by Michael Corby. Kogan Page.

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EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

NATO's new covert operation – the English education system

The Cold War comes to school

A CONTROVERSIAL NATO-backed political education project for secondary schools went ahead after receiving the approval of the former Foreign Secretary David Owen. He gave his general blessing to the project at the end of 1976 when he was Minister of State at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. The project also received help and advice from civil servants at the Department of Education and Science but without the apparent knowledge of the then Education Secretary Shirley Williams. All this has been confirmed by John Sewell, the originator of the project and founder-chairman of the European-Atlantic Movement (TEAM) which ran the project.

TEAM is a small-time group, supported in part out of Foreign Office funds and in part by the US government, which sees its role as 'enlarging public awareness of European and Atlantic communities'. These include NATO.

The controversy arose after an article by Sewell appeared in the June issue of *NATO Review*. The article described how the project was set up and developed, and its eventual introduction into the curriculum of a selected group of state and independent schools. The idea had its origins in an earlier Sewell article in the April 1976 issue of *NATO Review*. After what Sewell himself describes as 'months of quiet cultivation', the Minister of State gave his approval to the project hoping that 'the broad issues would be put in a wide context'.

Following this and with the full support of NATO, TEAM went to work. In April 1977, it ran a planning meeting in London followed by a July weekend conference in Oxford. The object was to bring together 'high-powered' educationists and administrators to discuss and give support to the project. TEAM is reluctant to say who was at these meetings except in general terms. NATO was well represented, as were 'senior representatives of the professional associations of teachers and of the three major political parties, universities and some of the interested government departments'. The NUT denies that anyone from its national headquarters attended – a claim made by TEAM. The 'older' universities are said to have been represented – so too the not so old Open University. Three DES advisers (HM Inspectors) also went to observe and advise.

The HMI involvement was crucial. A few months after the conference, the DES published a discussion document on the secondary school curriculum called *Curriculum 11 to 16, Working Papers by HM Inspectorate: A Contribution to Current Debate*. One of the papers was on political education in schools and titled *Political Competence*. It squared neatly with the attitudes expressed by TEAM, which quickly rejigged its own project to bring it more in line with the terminology of the HMI paper. The name of the project was changed from 'Democracy, detente, deterrence and defence' to 'Towards political competence in an open society'. A 20-member working party was set up which worked closely with the HMI's own group on political education

THE SCHOOLS Council – the main body responsible for curriculum development in schools and funded jointly by the DES and local authorities – had no knowledge of the TEAM project. And while the Council says it is very happy for other groups to develop ideas and material, it is to say the least surprised that the TEAM project was kept secret. At the same time as the TEAM work was progressing, another well-publicised political education research project was going ahead under Bernard Crick through the Hansard Society, the Politics Association and the Nuffield Foundation (which provided the funds). This reported in 1978. On its working party had been HMI John Slater as an assessor. He was also – and continues to be – concerned with the TEAM project.

While any organisation can produce teaching materials and offer them to schools, few get official backing from a government department plus detailed expert advice. Our decentralised education system allows individual schools to pick and choose the materials it will supply to pupils. But a school would be more willing to use materials which seemed to have the backing of respected educational experts. The Foreign Office's support of the TEAM programme is rather like the Department of the Environment funding British Nuclear Fuels to push a course in environmental studies.

What then was the HM Inspectorate doing providing expert help to an insignificant and questionable organisation such as TEAM well out of the mainstream of educational research and curriculum development and at the same time bypassing more able and experienced bodies in the process?

TEAM insists the programme it has developed is fair and balanced. But it is the origins of the project and the European-Atlantic Movement itself that offend. TEAM prides itself on its honesty, accuracy and claims to uphold the best traditions of democracy. However, both of Sewell's NATO articles are littered with inaccurate references to the education system and both are vague on key details of how the project developed. One article is in part an account of the 'causes' of the two world wars in standard cold-war language, and contains the astonishing statement '. . . the ignorant outweigh the informed is a simple fact which anyone can observe. And when it comes to cuts in defence expenditures, the vote of the ignoramus carries precisely the same weight as the vote of the informed'. There are also the results of a survey carried out by TEAM to assess how much pupils are taught about 'security and disarmament'. Sewell is disappointed that *only* just over half of the schools surveyed referred to the work of NATO in any detail.

LAST EASTER, Sewell tried to take a major part in running a conference on political education organised by the Politics Association and the Association for the Teaching of the Social Sciences. He was turned down when he refused to reveal the sources of TEAM's substantial funding, the extent of its membership and the names of its officers.

At the end of this month, TEAM itself is to hold another weekend conference to be attended by top NATO officials. The theme this time is 'Democracy and the alternatives: a fresh look at the role of political education'.

TEAM's work appears to be directly linked to NATO's own research programme. For this includes a project on the image of NATO in the public sector of secondary education in England. The research programme's five-man selection panel includes Max Beloff of the independent University College of Buckingham as its British representative.

NATO then is clearly making definite moves to become involved in this country's education system – a role as much outside its brief as it is outside the brief of the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Defence. It would seem that NATO has been able to do this with the tacit agreement of at least one British minister – not responsible for education – and with the connivance of civil servants in three government departments, at least two of whose ministers apparently knew nothing of the TEAM project.

Cheating in schools

SEVERAL THOUSAND children and students were cheating in the current round of summer exams – and it's as likely to have been the fault of the school or college as of the child.

About 100 cases of cheating a year get as far as the GCE exam boards – either from the schools themselves or the examiners who mark the papers.

These cases are the surface ripples of a much greater under-desk operation. Collusion with a neighbouring candidate; leaving the exam room to look up strategically placed books; notes under the desk, written on the sleeve, or hidden inside the face of a watch; even impersonation are some ways of bucking the system from primary school through to university.

Some exam boards admit invigilation in schools can be 'too lax'. Teachers are not trained how to invigilate. Exam boards cannot afford to monitor schools very widely. One board has recently had to cut its inspectorate by half as an economy measure; another has some 12 inspectors for over 4,000 exam centres.

Moreover, the relationship between exam boards and the schools is, as the boards themselves acknowledge, ambiguous. The boards are commercial enterprises out to sell their product to schools and LEAs. They aim to be judged on commercial criteria – the quality of the product and the after-sales service provided: a good pass rate is a strong selling point. But they also have the unique job of 'policing' their consumers. The boards say that this odd situation is offset by having teachers as members of their governing councils. Both they and the schools claim to operate in the interests of the pupils but this mutual watchdog arrangement excludes any direct representation of the real consumer (the pupils and their parents) at the point of decision-making.

The most effective way to beat the cheating bug is not better policing but better exams. Traditional public exams rely mainly on feats of memory. They invite cheating – easy to conceal a checklist of facts – and merely test good eyesight.

The National Union of Students regards the three-hour factual exam as an anachronism and wants grading to be done on continuous assessment and student or pupil profiles. There is certainly a gradual move towards exams which reflect more the normal pattern of students' study and pupils' school work – for example, some CSE exams and particularly mode three exams. Children have to analyse documentary evidence or try out experiments – learning how to handle information presented to them in the exam rather than just regurgitating a heap of unrelated facts.

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GRANADA TELEVISION THE STATE OF THE NATION

A television company has transmitted two programmes revealing appalling economic exploitation and police brutality in Freedonia. The Freedonian Ambassador telephones to complain that the programmes grossly violate the company's legal obligation to show due impartiality. Freedonia, he says, is being unfairly pilloried. A production team want to go back to Freedonia to make another programme, this time on conditions in the salt mines which they believe they can film secretly . . .

Does the salt mines programme go ahead?
If so is secret filming permitted?
What does the Broadcasting Authority do?
What does the Ambassador do?

THE BOUNDS OF FREEDOM — **'FAIRNESS'**

This is the fourth in a series of six Granada Television programmes showing how top level communicators respond when the limits of the permissible are tested — what finally reaches the public, what doesn't and why?

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Thorpe: the politician as tycoon

Jeremy Thorpe, according to report, intends a political comeback. The idea is conceivable because few people could withhold sympathy from a man who has been unjustly accused of conspiracy to murder. But there are charges against Thorpe's reputation which are of a quite different kind, relating to his operations in the grey areas of modern British politics – those which lie between business and politics, and between politics, the media, and the law. In the first of two articles DAVID LEIGH and PETER CHIPPINDALE, using the unpublished transcripts of the official inquiry into the collapsed secondary bank, London & Counties, examine Thorpe's remarkable career as a financial wheeler-dealer.

THORPE'S INTRODUCTION to fringe banking was arranged through his one-time financial adviser Robin Salinger, who was best man at Thorpe's wedding to the pianist Marion Stein. Salinger is an 'attache' in the City, living off commissions on business introduced to stockbrokers.[1] Gerald Caplan, the inventor of London & Counties – now striving to avoid extradition from California – recalls that one evening in 1971 he and his wife were taken to dinner by Salinger at the Empress restaurant in Berkeley Square. 'How would you like to have Jeremy Thorpe, leader of the Liberal Party, on your board?' Salinger asked. Caplan was thrilled – so much so that he agreed to pay Salinger a £10,000 fee for the introduction. (Salinger, these days, won't discuss Thorpe or London & Counties at all.) Caplan believed that Jeremy Thorpe had 'Kennedy-like charisma'; it was agreed he should receive £5,000 a year, become a 'live member' of the board, and go on in his turn to make introductions to L & C. If Thorpe had 'charisma', it was not based on any striking record as a businessman. For local political reasons, his name had graced some letterheads around his North Devon constituency: together with Peter Bessell he had run a couple of moderately successful firms selling pens and vending machines. Both were sold when the two men became full-time politicians.

But by 1971 Thorpe was certainly keen to supplement his Parliamentary income: his previous careers as a barrister, small businessman and TV-interviewer had not provided him with the means to sustain his concept of a party-leader's life-style. He had a large mortgage on his London flat, an expensive 17th century cottage in Devon, and needed a nanny for his young son. His predecessor, Jo Grimond, had substantial private means. His successor, David Steel, whose life-style is modest, has a £5,000 allowance from the Liberal Party. Thorpe had neither.

After L & C collapsed, Thorpe testified to the receiver that he had first met Caplan as a fellow-barrister in 1955, and that 1971 was merely re-acquaintance. Caplan (who anyway was not called to the Bar till 1956) has no recollection of such a meeting, and does not seem to be a man who would pay to be introduced to someone he already knew. Thorpe explained his enthusiasm for a bank which always looked fairly gimcrack to some people by referring to 'the pension funds which had been or shortly were to be invested in the group', plus the 'steadily increasing figure of depositors'.

But Thorpe's accession to the L & C board was an oddly demure occasion – considering his flair for publicity – and this, it turns out, was because Gerald Caplan's more realistic advisers were dubious about the financial 'charisma' their boss perceived. Caplan's PR firm, Dewe Rogerson, set down a private assessment which is worth publicly recording:

> . . . in summary, the advantages (of Thorpe) are:
> 1. His ability to direct the Liberal party's money to London & Counties.
> 2. His undoubted ability as an advocate and presenter of cases.
> 3. His image among the general public of honesty and sanity, which could be of value particularly for the store banking. (*Caplan's firm aimed at small depositors using shopping-hour bank premises in large stores.*)
> 4. His European stance, which could be a marginal positive influence in gaining Bank of England privilege to deal in foreign exchange.
> 5. His experience as treasurer of the Liberal Party, which could be seen as relevant to merchant banking activities.
> 6. The value to L & C of a fresh personality and influence.
> On the other side, we would sum up the disadvantages as:
> 1. His irrelevance in terms of the City.
> 2. His lack of business background.
> 3. His tendency to use gimmicks.
> 4. A negative aura of lack of success – ie he has tended to promote lost causes, and has achieved no significant success in Parliament beyond his position as leader of the Liberal Party.
> 5. His liberal stance and liberal political ideals are potentially dangerous to the City and its institutions.

Dewe Rogerson accepted that he might be 'of significant value in an executive sense', but was wholly untried. Therefore his appointment should be announced with minimum fuss. In the event, there was a two-paragraph press release, in which Caplan said he was 'honoured and pleased' to have recruited Thorpe in an 'executive role' (He insists that the PR men misunderstood one point, and that no insertion of party funds into L & C was planned. As the Liberal Party was nearly destitute, the denial is credible.)

THORPE WAS NOT ALONE: it was a period when senior politicians were conspicuous for enthusiasm rather than judgement in their personal relationships with the shakier sectors of the financial world. On the day Thorpe signed his deal with Caplan, Jerome Hoffman was indicted in New York for a mortgage swindle: Hoffman had succeeded in using the former Tory Chancellor Reginald Maudling to promote an outrageously dishonest enterprise called the Real Estate Fund of America (REFA). Maudling had explained his participation in REFA by saying that he had been anxious to 'build up a little pot of money for my old age'. REFA's many sins – which included deliberate currency-smuggling – were not attributable to him, for he had never attended a board or executive committee meeting. Citing Maudling is not just a matter of context, for there is a more specific connection with Thorpe. During 1971, Thorpe received critical, secret aid from Maudling: the details will have to be spelt out in another article next week, but, put briefly, Maudling mis-used his office as Home Secretary under Edward Heath to help Thorpe delude his fellow-Liberal MPs in a backstairs crisis over the allegations of Norman Scott. Thorpe survived as Leader by the skin of his teeth.

In due – or overdue – course, Maudling had to resign the Home Office. His operations with Hoffman and REFA were, of course, only part of the story: in opposition, he had been 'advising' the property developer Eric Miller, who (having later received a knighthood from Wilson) eventually shot himself to escape the scrutiny of the Fraud Squad. Even in office, Maudling had seen nothing wrong in accepting a £2,700 silver chess-set as a present from Miller. But the immediate cause of his departure was that the police, for whom he was responsible as Home Secretary, were actively investigating Maudling's connections with the corrupt architect John Poulson. Considerable Parliamentary regret was expended over the fact that the amiable Reggie should have to depart at all, and the leader of the Liberal Party committed his reputation for 'honesty and sanity' to this argument. It was to be hoped, he said, that Maudling's absence from the Front Bench would be temporary. The public, perhaps, would have found it useful to know that Thorpe owed Maudling a favour.[2]

But neither should general context be ignored. The Prime Minister of the day, Edward Heath, had profited happily in opposition by investing a slice of his own money in the imperial ambitions of Slater Walker: especially, he had done well out of Slater Walker's manipulation of the Oriental Carpet Company's shares (Mr Heath, it appears, was quite ignorant of the details).[3] His successor-to-be, Harold Wilson, regarded Eric Miller as a great friend – to the extent of accepting handsome gifts of champagne and office-

1. 'Attaches' are registered with the Stock Exchange by the broking firms they work for. The conditions are that they work for only one firm at a time, and must spend at least three days a week in the office. Information about who is and is not an attache is only available to members of the Stock Exchange.

2. Freed from office, Maudling immediately started drawing £7,000 a year from Peachey. 'The nature of the advice which a former Minister of the Crown is in a position properly to give . . . is impossible to value' commented the eventual DTI report on Peachey (from which, a public company, Miller had been stealing on a heroic scale).

3. See *Slater Walker* by Charles Raw. André Deutsch, 1977.

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equipment from Miller's hands, and received, in circumstances which have never been very adequately explained, a donation towards his expenses as Leader of the Opposition which took the form of £2,000-worth of accounts in the now-defunct International Credit Bank, on which he could draw without having paid anything in.[4] Mr James Callaghan, in opposition, lent his expertise as a former Chancellor to the board of the Italian International Bank: an expertise, apparently, which was not sufficient to prevent it from developing organisational ills which did not mature until he himself had become Prime Minister. The editor of the *Economist*, Alastair Burnett, regretting the downfall of Mr Maudling, said that sympathy was due to 'former Ministers who felt obliged to go out and earn some money after . . . (an) ill-paid length of public service', and suggested that criticism of them amounted to 'irresponsible, even if unwitting, support to the gravediggers of parliamentary democracy'. Mr Thorpe was unusual, not for the pursuit of cash, but for the hare-brained persistence with which he pursued it.

USEFUL PERKS went with his £5,000 L & C salary. The company bought his five-year-old Humber Imperial for its market value, letting him buy it back later for £130. A Blue Star credit card in Caplan's name accounted for running costs. More important was the right to buy shares in L & C's hectic boom. Thorpe scribbled to Caplan:

> So many thanks for your generous offer to me to participate in the share incentive scheme. I am off to Persia for the Shah's celebrations.

He acquired, first, 10,000 1p paid-up shares, then another 2,000 paid-up at 25p. In May 1972 this holding was notionally worth £40,000. Publicly, the DTI inspectors estimated that Thorpe's main use to London & Counties was opening several in-store banks, amid publicity which no doubt 'helped to create confidence . . . on the part of would-be depositors'. The unpublished transcript of their examination of Thorpe is sharper in tone: 'Can you tell us why, in your opinion, you received such a large salary for what appeared to be a comparatively insignificant return?' Thorpe replied:

> It is a matter of opinion whether the advice I was able to give in regard to likely changes in government policy, the likely economic climate, and the sort of negotiations I carried out in regard to getting the Nottingham centre . . . was a significant return.[5]

He did not try to claim that the 'introductions' he attempted to effect were a significant return: indeed, he did not mention them. They included his friend David Holmes, and the hapless ex-minister John Stonehouse – now serving seven years for fraud over his own fringe bank, the British Bangladeshi Trust – who spent a lunch with Caplan discussing Bangladeshi enterprises.

GERALD CAPLAN, financier, was wholly a creature of the Heath-Barber credit spree, of an atmosphere excellently described to another group of DTI inspectors who were examining the loans made at the same time, with almost equal abandon, by Edward du Cann's firm Keyser Ullman:

> We lived in a tremendous, most optimistic world at that time. What you bought for one million pounds one day, you sold for two the next, and that person sold it for three the day after.

Although Caplan called L & C's activities 'investment banking', it never became a true bank: that title being jealously guarded in the City. The money came from small depositors at the shopping branches ('bringing banking closer to the people', said Thorpe), and from pension funds of companies like Eagle Star insurance and Jack Lyons' United Draperies. The cash went out on property deals, long-term investments in a variety of companies, and – ominously, six months after Thorpe's arrival– the growth area of loans against second mortgages. L & C's basic weakness was simply summarised by the DTI inspectors:

> The group was lending long at a time when it was borrowing short. To get business it had to be prepared to lend on a more speculative basis . . . In 1973, imperceptibly at first, the property market began to decline.

Quite swiftly, the second-mortgage division came under fire, chiefly through a sustained campaign in the *Daily Mail*. Attacking L & C's remarkable interest rates (theoretically, up to 280 per cent) and stern collections methods, the *Mail* naturally zeroed in on Jeremy Thorpe's involvement. Thorpe might have resigned: instead, he turned to Lord Goodman, in the hope that with Goodman behind him he could force Caplan to clean-up London and Counties somewhat. Caplan recalls:

> Jeremy dragged me into Lord Goodman's apartments . . . Lord Goodman is an extremely awesome, impressive gentleman, although he was very fair. Jeremy said: 'If I have one more headline, Gerald, I'll no longer be leader of the Liberal Party.' Jeremy rang Valerie, my wife, and asked her to persuade me to shut down the second mortgages. He said he might kill himself if he no longer had a career.

Lord Goodman's recollection is less colourful. But he confirms that he advised Thorpe, and that Caplan eventually caved in, allowing borrowers to convert better terms and rewriting L & C's fierce penalty clauses. Thorpe told the inspectors that with this achieved, he wished to resign ('I was a lightning-conductor for bad publicity') but that Caplan talked him out of it, saying in effect that the bank would lose £300,000 through instituting the reforms, and that it could not afford to lose Jeremy Thorpe as well. Caplan's judgement – perhaps one of his sounder ones – was that L & C's enventual demise was due to losing the profits from second mortgages. To make up for the deprivation, and keep the share price buoyant, Caplan ventured into yet more dubious areas: inflating profits by writing in charges for loans (by *fait accompli*) as soon as the loans were made; making loans to himself and other directors in order to buy up shares; 'warehousing' L & C shares by placing them with selected third parties; window-dressing the accounts by shuffling money around in order to give the appearance of liquidity; and finally making a desperate bid for the assets of Inveresk Paper, based on a falsely-stated version of L & C's own financial health.

THORPE TOLD the inspectors that he knew nothing of all this, and that he didn't accept Caplan's description of him as an 'executive director'. While the crash approached, he went on drawing his salary and driving around in the company car, seemingly aware of nothing except that he had survived an ugly crisis in the second-mortgage affair.

During 1973 he married Marion Stein, formerly Lord Harewood's wife, and after spectacular celebrations – Robin Salinger ushered 1,000 guests into the Royal Opera House – they flew off to a free honeymoon in the Bahamas, the gift of the eccentric millionaire 'Union' Jack Hayward, recently acquired by Thorpe as a close friend. Hayward's wealth derived from a family engineering company, Firth Cleveland, but Hayward's own operations were of a rather different kind.

In partnership with an American named Wallace Groves, Hayward had devised a trade agreement with the Bahamian government – slightly reminiscent of the deals once done by the East India Company – under which Grand Bahama was to be turned into an industrial complex, tourist resort and tax haven. The venture had grown to massive size, despite

4. The ICB, based on Geneva, acted as a conduit for hot moneys of various kinds. Joe Haines, Mr Wilson's press aide, said that Wilson had no way of knowing that it was not an ordinary bank, like Barclay's.

5. Thorpe claimed to have helped in getting permission for L & C premises in the Victoria Shopping centre at Nottingham.

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numerous crises, and Hayward had disposed large sums of cash to good, if oddly-assorted British causes: women's cricket, Chay Blyth's yachts, the rescue-project for Brunel's S.S. *Great Britain* and – to the tune of £150,000 – the Liberal party, which seemed to some people little more seaworthy than the old iron ship.

Hayward confided to Thorpe that the Bahamas project, hit by a world trade recession, increasing Bahamian nationalism, and the oil crisis, was going sour. He was thinking of selling out. Thorpe suggested that he knew just the man to help in finding a buyer: his old chum Peter Bessell, now wheeling and dealing on a vast – and indeed, self-destructive – scale around the New York property market. En route back to Britain, Thorpe stopped in New York to encourage Bessell about the prospects of a vast commission on selling off the Bahamas project. (They also devoted some time to their notorious scheme for tracking-down the Czar's family, which Bessell conceived to have survived the Bolsheviks: at the end of the line, £20 million in Romanov gold glittered alluringly.)

BUT BACK IN LONDON – glorious prospects aside – there were sounds from London & Counties remarkably akin to the death rattle. Thorpe told the inspectors that he and some other directors insisted on going through a number of criticisms made by the *Guardian* and the *Telegraph*, receiving 'a fairly impressive answer to each point, given by both Caplan and the finance director.'

The inspectors asked whether this did not reveal 'that you were really put on notice that all might not be well by what you read in the press rather than what you learned in the company itself?' Thorpe's answer – the more remarkable in view of some of his later actions – was: 'Yes'. Were his suspicions allayed by this meeting, the inspector persisted, or was he put on guard? Thorpe said he had been planning to resign after the second-mortgage business, but had waited until the annual meeting only to conclude that resignation might harm the bank. Then, he was going to resign in the autumn: finally, during the crash, he felt he must stay to protect the small depositors.

> Mr Thorpe (*said an inspector*) that does not quite answer the question . . . that does not tell us anything.

The final crash was precipitated by the 'Inveresk offer': a desperate asset-stripping ploy aimed at a company which had considerable cash, and 2,000 employees in Scotland. Thorpe was not party to the board discussions on the merits of this offer (which, happily, the Monopolies Commission blocked), and to be sure their value was probably slight, in that Caplan concealed from his fellow-directors the fact that L & C's auditors had withdrawn a 'letter of comfort' which certified some modest degree of corporate health.

Thorpe, campaigning for the Liberals in the mightily-successful Berwick by-election, signed a director's statement which was brought up to his Alnwick hotel. It said that each director, having made 'all reasonable inquiries', believed there was adequate working capital for the offer. There was no adequate capital, and there were no reasonable inquiries, certainly not by Thorpe: he told the inspectors that he had signed because all the other directors, 'highly skilled, professional men', had done so.

Shortly afterwards, the board presented themselves to approve for release – innocently – a thoroughly bogus set of interim accounts. Next morning, there was an urgent letter from the auditors saying they wanted no part of it. An emergency board meeting was called for the afternoon, but Thorpe set off for a constituency engagement, pausing only to consult with Lord Goodman. 'Lord Goodman advised it might be necessary to withdraw the interim statement . . . I seriously considered resigning'. But once again he felt it better to stay 'until the position had been cleared up'.

Corporately, of course, L & C were playing the part of a pirate crew, trying to present their sinking vessel as a well-found man-o'-war, in order to awe into submission a modestly prosperous merchantman – which might then be plundered at leisure. Individually, Mr. Thorpe and many other of Caplan's followers claimed to have no idea what was going on. Threee days after the auditors' demarche Caplan, some distraught L & C executives, and the auditors were summoned by Thorpe to Lord Goodman's office. According to Thorpe's testimony, Goodman asked the auditors whether, 'on the basis of the information available to them', the accounts must be withdrawn. (Had they been, of course, all traces of L & C's pretence would have been swept away.)

Caplan: Thorpe had 'charisma'

The auditors' reply was 'No', whereupon (again, according to Thorpe's testimony), Goodman suggested they should do nothing until a full audit had been carried out. (He was in the impossible position of arbitrating, without full information, between two wholly different views of the company.) Thorpe was now taken by Goodman to see Michael Wheeler, an eminent QC. Did Thorpe have to resign (another development which would have demolished L & C's takeover credit)? According to Thorpe, Wheeler's advice persuaded him he had a duty to stay on.

BUT THE SHIP was springing leaks as fast as they were plugged, and by the end of the same week L & C collapsed resoundingly and finally, to be followed by most of the 'secondary banking' sector. Eagle Star Insurance, United Draperies and Keyser Ullman – large, misguided institutions which had assisted L & C's rise – organised a consortium to have the 'bank' taken-over by its great rival First National City Finance, thus rescuing the funds of the small depositors. Caplan removed himself, first to the Riviera, and then to Los Angeles, from which he is resisting attempts to have him brought back to face £2.4 million theft charges. (He is, by a fine irony, paying his US attorneys with a second mortgage on his house in Bel-Air.)

The debacle, in the words of the DTI inspectors (which were not, of course, published till very much later) showed that the non-executive directors 'did not sufficiently recognise that directors should behave as reasonably conscientious persons', and it made:

> a cautionary tale for any leading politician. For unless he is properly informed of the affairs of the company he joins, he cannot make his own judgement on the propriety of its transactions; and he is liable to be reminded . . . that his reputation is not only his most marketable, but his most vulnerable commodity.

The point, it seems, did not occur to Thorpe at the time. Within a few days of his resignation from London & Counties, he flew off at his own expense to the Bahamas – to try to help Bessell pull off the 'Mobil deal'. Bessell was by now in bad shape: his New York deals had turned into nightmare, and he needed $500,000 simply to avoid ruin.

His efforts to find a buyer for 'Union' Jack Hayward had not been very successful. The Mobil Land Development Corporation, a subsidiary of Mobil Oil had discussed the purchase of 100,000 acres of undeveloped land for $25 million. But the company president had done no more than take a 'preliminary look' at the property.

Hayward, however, heard a very different tale when Thorpe and Bessell turned up on his doorstep between Christmas and New Year, 1974 – Thorpe fresh from his own financial disaster, and Bessell striving to avoid a final one of his own. Thorpe sat and listened in the sunshine while Bessell explained to Hayward and his business associate Edward St. George that Mobil had approved the deal. His own fee would be $2.5 million dollars, and he asked for $500,000 on the spot. (Later, he said that his need was to bribe a US government official who would give Mobil a guarantee against Bahamian take-over.)

St. George said that would have to be a company decision, and all four men flew to see Wallace Groves, located on a neighbouring island. Groves reacted explosively. 'When he heard the words "advance commission" ', St. George recalls, 'he shuddered as though he had heard a vile obscenity.'

But next day Bessell, still accompanied by Thorpe, continued pursuit. St. George, irritated, said the whole idea was unrealistic. Thorpe, according to St. George:

> chipped in to say he had discussed the project with Henry Kissinger, the US Secretary of State, who had indicated how much he approved of a company like Mobil moving into territory so close to the United States. He claimed to have had a special meeting with the Bahamian Prime Minister and that he had received 'favourable comments'.

Bessell, at last, was made to disclose a letter from Mobil which he had been making much play of: when it proved to be a stock reply, St. George accused Bessell of 'trying to pull a confidence trick'. Bessell drew himself up, said he had never been so insulted, and walked out: Thorpe, meanwhile, 'boggled' at what St. George saw as an obvious stunt.

> He acted aggrieved and said he had never had any reason to distrust Bessell. He would have staked his life on him.

BESSELL, HIS LAST gambler's throw over, went bust and retired to California. Thorpe returned to Britain, and the 1974 election, in which the Liberals won enough votes to make Edward Heath offer Thorpe a coalition-government post. Power, it seemed, was very near: but it was vital to stay on good terms with the sources of funds. Thorpe, in his correspondence with

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Maudling and Kissinger

Hayward, clung with remarkable enthusiasm to the hope of the 'Mobil deal', proposing that his own connections with Henry Kissinger could turn the trick. April 1974:

> We had an extremely useful and friendly talk at the American Embassy. I gave him a full brief and he showed definite interest. He wants to contact me again . . . I had a session with Nixon . . . but did not think I could quite raise (the matter) on that occasion.

Another letter more than a year later mentioned 'reactivating the Mobil deal or a comparable one'. It would involve 'meeting Henry K. again': it would help to have 'an inquiry from Cuba, or worse!' And another (unpublished) letter in September 1975, said:

> . . . I think the matter will have to come up in *conversation* with him (Kissinger) in the form of a gentle probe when next I see him. I think a further letter would be ill-advised . . . I think with the CIA under attack they will have gone slightly cold for the present but could rapidly change if problems of security in the area alter.

Kissinger confirms something of this high-level real-estate negotiation: Thorpe did mention the subject 'in passing' during a meeting in 1974. 'Boy', said one of Hayward's American friends, later, 'this guy sure knows how to drop names': but the name-dropping did not persuade Hayward to come through – as Robin Salinger requested – with a £40,000 interest-free loan for Thorpe personally. However, while Thorpe cooked up some correspondence to appease Hayward over Bessell's behaviour (Bessell said Mandrax had 'clouded his mind'), Hayward did produce another £69,000 for the Liberals. (This is the sum of which £20,000 was 'laundered' through an innocent party in Jersey, and vanished into the pockets of David Holmes.) Thorpe's ambitions now ran to riding into power via a Tory coalition, achievment of proportional representation – and a Liberal government. Businessmen were to be wooed on the proposition that the Socialists could be kept out for ever (Thorpe discovered an admiration for Margaret Thatcher: 'I could do business with her', he wrote).

As this pitch developed, figures even more surprising than 'Union' Jack appeared in the Liberal pantheon to supplement the self-made small-to-medium businessmen who traditionally support the party – men like David Blackburn, who has a BMW concession, and Lew Cartier, the frozen-food entrepreneur. Marcus Sieff of Marks and Spencer was converted, and so was Sir Arnold Weinstock, whose General Electric Company gave £25,000 to the Liberals (giving another £25,000 to the Tories, just to be sure.) There was, it seemed, little danger of Thorpe's 'liberal ideals' being difficult to square with capitalism: and Weinstock would count as a leftist alongside another tycoon whom Thorpe claimed to have extracted large sums from. This was Geoffrey Edwards, another Jersey resident (who died last year), and who earned fame in the sixties by selling vast quantities of miltary equipment in the Middle East. Edwards' politics ran largely to ideas about 'freedom militias' and private armies.

> Thorpe's ambitions now ran to riding into power via a Tory coalition . . . businessmen were to be wooed on the proposition that the Socialists could be kept out for ever.

AND NONE of his experiences with Caplan and Bessell had spoiled Thorpe's appetite for dodgy financiers. In 1974 George de Chabris (George Levy Marks) complete with goatee, gold-rimmed glasses and Rolls-Royce, was introduced with Thorpe's assent as a 'prominent Canadian Liberal and millionaire'. He was actually a recent arrival from Miami, and a number of German investors were after him for £700,000 lost in a collapsed Cayman Islands company. He had indeed grown up in Canada, and had left several derelict property enterprises behind him on leaving. He apparently had the idea that a peerage might be obtained for £30,000. Setting out to cultivate politicians, he made no progress with the second Wilson regime, but struck luckier with Thorpe.

Edwards and Stonehouse

Thorpe wondrously compared de Chabris to Gladstone *and* Asquith (in public), and finally encouraged him to take over the gloomy, grandiose National Liberal Club in Whitehall. This de Chabris ran – for what it was financially worth – as a private piggy-bank, offering to bankroll Cyril Smith as alternative leader in return for the abolition of income-tax, an imposition which de Chabris found distasteful. Ousted, he returned to Miami.

Jeremy Thorpe's great drive for financial – and thus political – power was running out of energy in March 1976, by which time the DTI inspectors reported on London & Counties.

Considering everything, the tone of the report was mild. Transcripts of the discussions about Mr. Thorpe's large fees were not published; nor was the examination concerning the manner in which he came to sign an 'insupportable' statement backing-up the Inveresk offer. There was no reference to Mr. Thorpe's dependence, in time of trouble, upon Lord Goodman: the inspectors judged that, as the small depositors had been in the end bailed out, Thorpe's role in the whole business had been 'irrelevant'. They did, nonetheless, make the remarks cited earlier about the need for directors to be reasonably conscientious, and about the role of the politician in business affairs. But on the day that the DTI report came out, Norman Scott made his court-room allegations of grievance against the Liberal leader. By a kind of reverse irony the appalling accusations which flowed from Scott's claims, and of which Thorpe was finally cleared last month, had the effect of burning out of the public mind the record – so far as it then existed – of Thorpe's financial dealings.

Peter Chippindale and David Leigh are *Guardian* reporters, and authors of *The Thorpe Committal* (published February 1979, by Arrow).

SPYING

Take one part hydrogen, and stir . . .

Ron McKay writes: Foreign spies, thirsting for the essential secrets of America's nuclear programme, don't need to involve themselves in dangerous espionage. All they need is a library ticket.

For four years, until the error was discovered recently, two documents dealing with the making of H-bombs and nuclear propulsion of spacecraft were accessible to the public at the library of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico, which has the largest single collection of material on hydrogen bombs in the USA. The two documents – UCRL-5280 and UCRL 4725 – had been mistakenly declassified by the government and were kept on the open shelves of the library for any spy or kitchen scientist to copy. Nuclear weapons designer Theodore Taylor testified to a Milwaukee court recently that the declassifications of the documents created 'the most serious breach of security' in the history of America's nuclear weapons development programme. (Klaus Fuchs, where are you now?).

The sensitive documents were discoverd by a researcher for the American Civil Liberties union which has taken up the case of a radical magazine, *Progressive*, against which the US Government recently gained an injunction preventing the publication of an article on building a do-it-yourself nuclear bomb. This was the first time in American history that an injuction was granted preventing publication.

The *Progressive* decision has outraged constitutionalists and civil libertarians here who argue that the right to publish is inviolate. Next week the Milwaukee District Court will decide whether the injunction should be lifted. The main plank of the *Progressive's* case will be that the Government itself has made nuclear secrets freely available and that the *Progressive's* article does not provide any significant additional information.

The Justice Department, deeply embarrassed, has now admitted that in 1975 the two reports were erroneously declassified. A Senate sub-committee on nuclear proliferation has also established that an unspecified number of additional reports containing secret information have also been made public.

And to heighten the air of farce that surrounds the whole issue four nuclear scientists who contend that the government released classified material in pursuing their case against the *Progressive* have had a letter they wrote to the *Washington Post* classified by the Department of Energy. 'It's ironic' said a Department of Energy official 'that we're accusing the scientists of doing exactly what the scientists charge the government with.'

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TOKYO
Donald Kirk

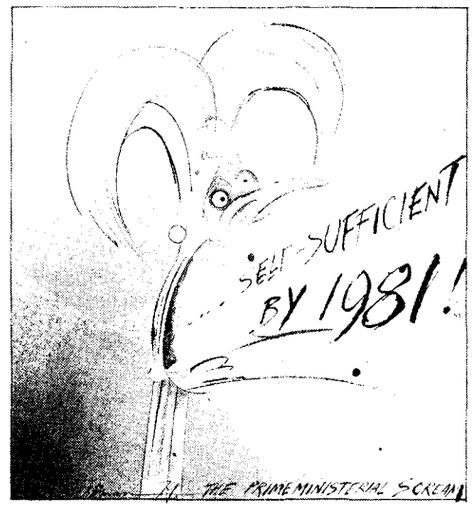
Summiteers promise to import no more oil than they want

Mask of self-restraint

GAZING DOWN from the ceiling above the Tokyo summit, as the eleventh-hour manifesto was hurriedly patched together, was a 300 square metre painting of an ancient *Noh* play, in which the actors were performing with masks. But the symbolism was lost on at least one charater in the drama proceeding below: President Carter seemed genuinely to believe that the outcome of the summit had been 'a sweeping triumph'. The US delegation returned to Washington full of self-congratulation. They had, they said, cajoled and arm-twisted their less tractable colleagues into accepting the urgent need for unity. And they cited as evidence the fact that the Tokyo declaration includes 'specific' oil import figures on a nation-by-nation basis. In fact, the only figures it offers are either embedded amid qualifications carefully chosen to avoid commitment, or stated so vaguely as to have no meaning at all.

True, Carter made a personal approach to the Japanese Prime Minister, Masayoshi Ohira, who refused at first to commit his country to specific import figures. True, Ohira acquiesced, in a coyly-worded pledge 'not to exceed the range between 6.3 and 6.9 million barrels a day' of oil imports up to 1985. But the declaration conveniently overlooks the fact that Japan now manages to fuel its massive economy on only 5.3 million barrels a day. In other words, it will be able to increase its oil imports by 30 per cent and easily attain Ohira's target of a six per cent annual economic growth, without breaching the terms agreed at the summit. So much for what the Tokyo declaration describes as a 'common strategy' to attack world inflation, oil prices and oil shortage.

The European countries presented themselves as paragons of self-restraint with their commitment to import only 10 million barrels a day for the whole community. This was the



1978 level of EEC imports, and it had already been agreed as a future goal by all nine EEC members. On the eve of the summit, the four leaders in the EEC delegation made a private pact not to budge from it: but their determination was fed less by self-restraint than by the knowledge that the 10 million figure deliberately glossed over the impact of North Sea oil. The EEC does not regard North Sea oil as an import, regardless of where it is sold within the community, while the Americans assume it will count as an import wherever it is sold outside Britain. The Tokyo declaration makes no mention of North Sea oil allowing, as Roy Jenkins put it, 'elbow room' for Europe.

Another boast of the US delegation was that, by forcing Japan to commit itself to import figures, Carter had extracted a 'compromise' from the EEC delegation, in the form of an agreement that they would recommend all member states to specify their individual oil imports. Obviously, however, this was as devoid of meaning as the Japanese numbers game, since it failed to predetermine country-by-country levels within the EEC.

Buoyed by North Sea oil, the EEC bloc made a great to-do about getting the other countries to agree to the 1978 level of imports, instead of opting for the higher 1977 and projected 1979 levels. It was also keen to make the other countries commit themselves to import levels until 1985, instead of just for a year or two, as the US, Japan and Canada wanted. Margaret Thatcher, the European newcomer, appeared to put up a tough fight against the Americans and Japanese, but at the last minute withdrew a couple of her objections to their demands, on the ground that she expected Britain to be largely self-sufficient in oil by 1981 and wished (in the words of her press aide) 'not to embarrass or isolate Mr Carter'. She urged acceptance of an agreement which suited all the 'Pacific powers': Japan, Canada and the US got away with a niftily-worded sentence to the effect that they would stick to the levels to which they were committed for this year and not exceed them for 1980. Thus Japan and Canada got a licence to base their levels on this year's imports, even though, as Mrs Thatcher later observed, there was an 'obvious weakness' in choosing an unfinished year as a take-off point.

Both Japan and Canada (which has been allowed a one per cent annual increase for the next six years, even though it has new oil fields opening in the early 1980s) were happy to commit themselves to 'targets' for 1985. The United States, for its part, promised not to go over its 1977 or 1979 import levels, both of them 8.5 million barrels a day, but adopted that figure as a mere 'goal' for 1985. One US official, chuckling over the use of the word 'goal', remarked: 'Anybody who makes a promise as to where he'll be in 1985 has to have rocks in his head'.

SPAIN

Basque guerrillas and the Irish connection

Julie Flint writes from Madrid: Police in the Basque country recently arrested an ETA commando carrying plans, perfect to the last detail, for the capture of a five-ton anti-aircraft gun being serviced in the Basque provinces. The 12-foot gun, capable of firing 350 shots a minute, was wanted for an attack on the working residence of the civil governor of Guipuzcoa province and could have blown it and many of its neighbours sky-high – if the separatist guerrillas had found ammunition and then assembled the massive gun, or wheeled it into action, undetected. If they hadn't, as was probable, capture alone would have been quite a psychological coup.

The week-old bombing campaign against Spanish tourism is the brainchild of these same guerrillas – and not of the fanatical commandos responsible for ETA's 45 assassinations this year, but the less professional politico-military wing whose history is one of kidnaps for ransom, propaganda stunts and, more recently, reflecting increasing Basque frustration at Madrid's refusal to make a bold stab at autonomy, death threats against civil servants in the Basque country.

Although their explosions are being scantily reported here, the campaign of the politico-guerrillas is the first outside the Basque provinces and goes for the jugular of Spain – its number one industry and one of the economy's few healthy sectors – and is potentially far more damaging than many of ETA's 'executions'. They have no safe houses and no permanent commandos on the Spanish coast, but at least one high government official believes 'they could go on planting small bombs for ever', possibly causing no deaths but giving new slant to Manuel Fraga's famous old tourist slogan: 'Spain is different'. At the time of going to press, only two foreigners, both Belgians, have been injured in the half-dozen resort explosions to date. A night attack on the Paris-Madrid express damaged three coaches and spread panic, but hurt no-one, nor was intended to: having halted the train, ETA shot at the wheels.

Since ETA split in 1975, the politico-militaries have taken only one life and are not given to chewing their plans over with the IRA in fishing boats off Jersey, however much the *News of the World* likes the scenario. For one thing, they don't need to: ETA has for the past three to four years had regular political contact with Sinn Fein, most recently at the May congress of Portugal's far-left United Workers Organisation. But there is no known operative contact with the IRA. ETA is self-financed and gets all the money it needs from 'revolutionary taxes' which Spanish businessman pay across the border in France. And although the IRA might welcome a boat-load of ETA's Goma 2 explosive, none of which has ever been found in Ireland, it has nothing to offer in return. The arms ETA needs it either steals or buys on the black market, usually in Brussels. Although some Basque guerrillas received training from Cubans in Algeria about two years ago, the only evidence of practical co-operation with the IRA came some eight years ago when a group of ETA commandos received instructions and explosives in Ireland in return for revolvers.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

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'There is a hidden psychic cost involved in having constantly to play one's part in a systematic lie'

CHARLES TAYLOR, Chichele Professor of Social and Political Thought in the University of Oxford, recently visited Prague to take part in a programme of unofficial lectures sponsored by the Oxford philosophy sub-faculty. Here he gives his impressions of Czech life today.

WITH the arrest of 10 members of the Committee for the Defence of the Unjustly Prosecuted (VONS), and the savage beating of Mrs Zdena Tominova, one of the spokesmen of the Charter, by unidentified thugs, it would seem that another wave of repression is starting in Czechoslovakia. The indications are that the government may be preparing a large show-trial of the ten. They are indicted with attempted subversion of the Czechoslovak state. What the committee has in fact been doing is collecting information on all the trials that have been carried out recently of dissidents who have been prosecuted on political charges or with a political motive. They have documented the numerous violations of the Czech legal code of which the authorities have been guilty. It is the results of this critical scrutiny, some of which have made their way abroad, which will be the basis for the charge of subversion.

It may seem paradoxical that this has been going on just when the Soviet government is easing up on its internal dissidents, and attempting to put a good face on things in order to impress the US Senate on the eve of its debate of the SALT agreement. But many Czechs believe that there is no paradox here, but a direct causal connection. They believe the repression of VONS is being carried out at the instigation of the Soviet Union, precisely in order to serve as a warning to the socialist societies of Eastern Europe – and perhaps also to Russian dissidents as well – that the strategically-dictated leniency during the SALT ratification must not be taken as a real change of direction, that the Soviet grip on the region will remain as firm as before.

But there may also be purely internal reasons behind the timing of this new repression. For some time now, the Czech economy has been in difficulty, but it has enjoyed in recent years relatively good results from its agricultural sector. There are shortages, and queues, in the Republic, but nothing like on the scale that one sees in some neighbouring countries, Poland for instance. But the unusually hot and dry weather of the last two months may threaten this year's harvests. The run of good luck may be coming to an end. If this is so, one of the main props of the régime will be threatened, and the present crackdown may be a preventive attack on the potential opposition.

For the present uneasy domination of the Czech communist régime over its society rests on two main supports – apart from the ultimate deterrent of another direct intervention of Soviet tanks. The first is the relatively high standard of living of the Czech people. Czech society is on the lower rungs of the consumer society ladder. Great numbers of working people can aspire to own a car, a cottage in the country, and other amenities of family life. This is the positive inducement to good behaviour which the government can hope to offer. The other support, the negative deterrent, is the pervasive system of economic and educational discrimination from which dissidents of all sorts suffer. Those who openly defy the system – by signing the Charter for instance – are in danger of losing their jobs. But many others are kept in even tighter conformity by the danger to the prospects of their children. After the primary school, which ends at about age 15 in Czechoslovakia, some children are permitted to continue academic education in 'Gymnasia', while others are sent off to grade schools. After graduation from the gymnasia, a further selection is made of those who will be admitted into university.

In these selections, academic capacity counts for relatively little. It is the third in importance among the criteria. The first is the political activity of the parents; the second their class position – those from the working class are meant to be favoured over children whose parents are in professional or middle class occupations. So it is clear that parents concerned with the prospects of their children are under heavy pressure to conform.

But conforming can mean more than just abstaining from public acts of defiance, like signing the Charter. The régime has to build its own network of collaborators, who will engage in the continual task of orchestrating apparent support and popularity, and transmitting its line to the society as a whole. The Communist Party continually needs new recruits, and particularly so in the light of the terrible losses of 1968 and its aftermath, when virtually a whole generation of party people was driven into opposition because of its support of the Prague spring. The Party needs recruits particularly in the age group 25-40; so if you are the parent of young children, and particularly if you show some leadership potential, you may find yourself invited to join. An outright refusal to join is a very black mark in the category of 'political activity', and will put your children's future in great jeopardy.

Having children whose educational future is hostage to your conformity can even pose a difficult problem for how you behave towards them at home. When your child comes home with a grossly distorted picture of the world, telling you, for instance, that the children in England are still sent down the mines or forced to beg in the streets (Dickens's novels are still valid as contemporary descriptions in Czech kindergartens), what do you tell him? That it's all a pack of lies? But then do you also add that he'd better not repeat this to teacher? Or do you want to spare him the conflicts of distrust and clandestinity at this tender age?

If he isn't discreet, you both could be in for trouble. The mother of an eleven-year-old girl tells her daughter of a dramatic event that occurred in their lives in those days of August '68. The mother was out with her daughter, then a baby in a pram, when they were fired on by jittery Soviet troops. A bullet went

INVITATION TO OVERSEAS READERS

Subscribe to NEW STATESMAN for six months and receive three major extracts from William Shawcross's remarkable book *Sideshow* free

Recently the New Statesman serialised *Sideshow*, a remarkable book in which William Shawcross, using records unearthed by the Freedom of Information Act, anatomises the policy which Kissinger and his master Nixon imposed on Cambodia – 'sideshow' was their own contemptuous label for the nation which they visited with the most destructive bombardment in the history of aerial warfare. Having built their policy upon the fantasy that a mortal blow might be dealt to Vietnam by attacking Cambodia, Nixon and Kissinger usurped to themselves the war-making powers which the US Constitution reserves to Congress – thus covertly extending a war which they claimed in public to be ending. To keep their gigantic bombing campaign secret, they so far subverted the command-structure of the USAF that (in one officer's words) anyone who 'could have punched the right button into the right spot . . . could have had us bombing China'. Overall, Shawcross depicts the world's most powerful democracy in the temporary grip of men to whom neither legal nor moral restraints were meaningful, and shows how the consuming scandal of Watergate grew from the Cambodian 'sideshow': Cambodia, he says, 'was not a mistake; it was a crime.'

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through the pram, and narrowly missed the head of the baby. They still have the pram, the hole is still there, it's one of those big family stories which people keep alive and even tell their own children. But then the child blurted it out in one of her 'civics' classes, during one of those never-ending attempts to convince the children that 'our Soviet comrades came to help us in 1968'. The mother was called in by the teacher and severely reprimanded: a black mark for her, and one for her child, who will be facing selection in a few years. But how does a family not repeat such stories, and remain a family?

The result of all this, both the hopes for affluence, and the organised discrimination, is to make most people keep their heads down. The large-scale savagery of the fifties has gone, and also its foundation, the fervent belief in building a new society. The Czech party is a very depressing lot these days. There are some remnants of the generation of '48, some of them sad and puzzled at where the dream went wrong, and others rigid and unyielding, having stifled all doubts at the cost of making themselves impervious to any re-assessments of their actions. The generation that succeeded them was caught up in the events of 1968, and their best elements, indeed, most of them, were purged in its aftermath. The new generation of post-1970 recruits are men and women without faith, cynically taking the road to safety and advancement. It is rumoured that they appal and frighten even their elders and superiors in the apparatus.

IT IS thus more or less an open secret that hardly anyone believes in the system any more. As in all communist societies, there must be a continual orchestrating of apparent support: flags must be put out on May Day, or to celebrate liberation by the Red Army, great demonstrations must be organised, slogans expressing the fervent desire to work and learn for socialism, or to follow Lenin's line, or to support the Vietnamese in whatever adventure they are currently embarked on, are visible in public places. But everyone knows that virtually no-one, neither orchestrators nor orchestrated, really nourishes these sentiments. It's all a vast charade, but one which any individual only denounces at his cost, as long as all others maintain it. After a while, it gets tedious, irritating, can even become insufferable particularly if the authentic expression of your feelings on these questions matters to you. There is a hidden psychic cost involved in sustaining this counterfeit reality, having constantly to play one's part in a large-scale, systematic lie.

This is something of which we in the West have little idea. We are accustomed to loudly-proclaimed untruths, for instance in political propaganda or advertising. But we are always free to scoff, and above all, we don't ourselves have to play our part in propagating them. Because man is a being in whose life *expression* plays such a central role, keeping up a counterfeit image of one's feelings and allegiances tends to take a terrible toll.

The most painless way of dealing with it is to 'switch off' the public domain. You turn your acts of participation in public expression – putting out flags, say– into something purely automatic. You turn all your life's energies and all your self-expression into the private domain. You try to build a private space, you get a car, a cottage, and you try to pretend that the outside world doesn't exist. And then, if you aren't one of that minority that they want to recruit into the communist party, you are a model citizen of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic!

The régime is aware that this is the pattern of life they demand from most people. Sometimes they use the soft approach to try to steer potential dissidents in this direction, offering them the delights of cultivating their gardens in return for silence. An artist was telling me of a recent interrogation he had undergone. 'But why do you persist?' they asked him. He replied something about his sense of solidarity with his comrades, with his compatriots. 'But why can't you just take care of yourself?' they pleaded. In telling this story, he savoured the bitter irony: here were Bolsheviks trying to convince a lapsed Marxist of the delights of egoistic self-absorption.

The opposition comes from people who can't or won't switch off. Some of these are ex-Communists, or liberal Communists, men

and women of 1968, who were already deeply committed to politics and can't abandon public life in some form. Others are people of great integrity and dedication, many of whom were already gaoled or persecuted in the 50s. But some become dissidents mainly because they feel an irrepressible need to express themselves authentically.

You find this particularly among young people, a powerful, almost physical need to discover the truth of what they feel. This they can only do through a kind of free experimentation which the counterfeit official reality can't accommodate. These young people experience the system as a kind of spiritual suffocation. This search for expression takes a number of forms: not only direct acts of political dissidence, like signing the Charter, but also the participation in unofficial classes of history or philosophy, which are barely tolerated and frequently harassed; and perhaps even more important in its impact, participation in clandestine pop music groups.

It was the persecution of one such group, the Plastic People of the Universe, which started off the Charter. Absurd as it may seem, unauthorised pop music really is a threat to Bolshevik régimes. This is because this music is the medium through which successive generations of young people in modern urban society work out their own identity through a kind of expressive experimentation. With the dissolution of traditional forms in a society, this kind of experimentation becomes a vital need, because each group of young people, no longer stepping into a millennially-sanctioned identity, has no choice but to work out its own.

But a society which is maintaining a brittle official reality, informed by no genuine belief, is terribly vulnerable to expressive experimentation. Hence the severe limitations on pop music in Communist countries, and hence also the quite brutal treatment which the Czech régime sometimes metes out to working class youth who attempt to start their own groups.

TEENAGE culture may turn out to be the Achilles heel of Soviet-style totalitarian régimes. This is because, having eroded their legitimacy, they can best maintain themselves by inducing the mass of the population to live a highly privatised existence. For this they need some degree of economic prosperity, and this may be the point of breakdown for some. Poland for years has seemed on the brink of social turmoil because of impossible living conditions, and the inefficiency, muddle, and political featherbedding of the Czech economy also poses a threat.

But even if the economic conditions are met, this political formula of controlled privatisation depends on not too many people finding the stringent limits on expression spiritually intolerable. There will always be a minority of heroic people, artists, intellectuals and others, for whom speaking the truth is more important than culture, even life. This exists even in the Soviet Union, which is in many ways a society in which the régime is generally seen as legitimate.

But where one finds an irrepressible need for public expression on a potentially mass scale is among young people. If our experience in the West is any guide, this can only get greater as societies become more industrialised, urbanised and affluent. If this extrapolation is valid, then they're in for a rocky time East of the Elbe in the next decades.

Of course, events in those societies are unpredictable, even more than they are in ours. Just because the régimes have succeeded in privatising and atomising their societies, in pulverising the free associations in which they could participate and form a consensus – with the single important exception of the Catholic Church in Poland – there is no possible early warning system of revolt. Nothing indicates beforehand when people will have had too much, and an East Berlin 1953, a Warsaw or Budapest 1956, a Szczecin 1970 may recur. This is what makes their rulers so nervous, and ought indeed, to make us nervous too, when we reflect on the potential consequences for world peace.

Which is why we may all have a very concrete interest in the success of the civil rights movement in Eastern Europe. Unless these societies can succeed in moving in an orderly way towards a more liberal formula, they may become powder-kegs threatening the safety of Europe. The Chartists are fighting a battle for all of us, in this sense, and not just for their Czech compatriots.

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London Diary

☐ Having taken up walking or taxis to get to places, I was surprised to hear from an overweight newspaper executive that it has now become cheaper to pay parking fines than to take a taxi, so lax have traffic wardens become. He used to have three or four fines a week and now collects, he claims, only one. 'Absolute rubbish', Scotland Yard told me. 'Downright daft. When you think of it – £22 removal, £6 ticket, and £4 to the GLC.'

Nevertheless, it has to be admitted that after the strike of traffic wardens zeal has been reduced. In 1977, there were over 1½m parking offences; in 1978 the figure had dwindled to 1,416,701. 'I can't imagine they should be short of staff', Scotland Yard opined, 'it must be your imagination.' Meanwhile, friends go on happily parking their cars anywhere in central London, fail to get parking tickets, increase traffic congestion, annoy pedestrians and (on expenses, of course) diminish the world's supply of fossil fuel.(Ironically, as *Time Out* would say, I write this on an electric typewriter.)

☐ The politicisation of cancer is almost as ludicrous as the *canard* that if you vote Labour (or is it Tory?) your balls will drop off. Bad marks, then, to *Time Out*, which last week gave admiring coverage to Professor Samuel Epstein's address to a London symposium, sponsored by two trade unions, on the Politics of Cancer. His book on the subject has, fortunately, yet to find a publisher in Britain. What the professor was arguing, according to *Time Out*, was that cancer is preventable. Its immediate causation, apparently, is through a handful of environmental carcinogens. 'Regulate these carcinogens, and screen each new chemical and drug and the material basis of cancer will wither away . . . the obstacles to defeating it are not medical but blatantly economic and political,' the magazine interpreted him. 'It is a case of short-term profit interests running rampant over the longer term interests of the community, workforce, and even the industries themselves.' Professor Epstein cited specifically the contraceptive pill, hormone replacement therapy, asbestos and petrochemicals.

While not denying the possible carcinogenic qualities of these substances – not to mention coal dust, so vigorously intensified by new machinery in the mining industry which Mr Arthur Scargill is so anxious to preserve at the expense of nuclear solutions to the energy crisis – I find this attitude simplistic to the point of lunacy. Cancer has always been with us. To go back no further than 1599, Gabelhouer's *Book of Physic* gave advice on when 'a women getteth an obdurate Breste and feareth leaste it be the Cancker.' Presumably this was not caused, in the absence of asbestos, nicotine and petrochemicals, by Elizabeth I's domestic policies?

'A further irony', *Time Out* concluded 'is that Professor Epstein was not invited over by a Ministry of Health anxious to look at new ways of combatting the disease, but by two unions who have grown increasingly disillusioned about what is – or is not – being done to fight cancer.' This is particularly silly. There is no single answer to the problem, and no-one can be blamed for failing to find it. Meanwhile, the Cancer Research Campaign and the Imperial Research Fund devote their money to attempting to discover the nature of the cellular changes that precipitate cancer. These are legion; so far mostly inexplicable; and not necessarily, or even probably, anything to do with the capitalist profit motive, as any reader of *Cancer Ward* will understand.

☐ Inwardly whingeing about the influx of tourists asking the way to Abbey Road, I was touched by a small Japanese tourist outside the British Museum. The apotheosis of respectability, he wore a raincoat (buttoned-up) and such statutory accoutrements as cameras, computers, light filters, silicon chips and so on. Also slung over his shoulder, however, was a plastic airline bag. As he gazed earnestly at the Ionic facade, I sneakily read it. 'Kinki Nippon Tourist,' it said.

☐ Was Gay Pride Week, concluded last Sunday, really necessary? I ask only because I thought it accepted practice for men to hold hands (with each other) and for women to dance together at the *Sols Arms* (men excluded). Denis Lemon, editor of *Gay News,* tells me I am wrong. 'It's not that any of us wants trouble', said Mr Lemon, whose publication of James Kirkup's poem *The Love that Dares to Speak Its Name* resulted in a conviction for blasphemous libel. 'But we see more of it at *Gay News* than you do because people come to us with their problems. You might look on it as an aberration like having red hair. But you're not liable to lose your job because you've got red hair. Society can be extremely harsh. Last week, a teacher at the Berlitz school was suspended because he was wearing a Gay Pride button. This week, Enfield police rang up because another homosexual had been murdered. Do you want any more examples? Gay Pride Week was a celebration, and the best we can hope for is that *Gay News* will become defunct. Society will have accepted homosexuality and there won't be any need for us.'

Mr. Lemon is still considering legal advice that he should take the criminal blasphemy case – the appeal was dismissed by the House of Lords – to the Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg. It seems that he would have a strong case. As Michael Rubinstein, solicitor and deputy chairman of the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society put it recently in an article in the Law Society *Gazette*, 'censorship is the ultimate blasphemy.' It is precisely because most people 'know not what they do' when they blaspheme, or condemn or seek to excuse blasphemers, Mr. Rubinstein argues, that the activity cannot be a crime. 'Any but the highest *non-secular* standard to be applied in assessing guilt or innocence of such a "crime" must itself be blasphemy – and blasphemy of a more culpable order (because imposed deliberately and supposedly rationally, by a wholly secular authority) than any careless, reckless or sadistically provocative outburst by an individual blasphemer.' Mrs. Whitehouse might well think on.

☐ It was a balmy evening in Islington. Roses bloomed, dandelions rifed, and few cast off their fur coats save those who had elected to stay inside to listen to a peformance of rare bassoon solos. On the same day, United Airlines, the biggest users of DC10s in the States, declared that they would have to create a new image: 'There is a problem in that the public may never really accept this aircraft or have full confidence in it, even though we and the rest of the industry have found it to be a very good plane.' They might have problems. Though now classified as a 'wide-bodied jet', the DC10 has become part of the shock-horror mythology of babes and sucklings. Bored by the late Professor Milde's 35th Concert Study for Bassoon (one of only 50) a ten-year-old started to construct a plane out of paper. Generously waiting until the conclusion of the concert, he then sent it off into the night. It crashed immediately into a floribunda. 'What a rotten plane', I said. 'Sure, it's shit', he replied. 'But what do you expect from a DC10?' United Airlines will need a few million dollars to get over that sort of imprinting.

☐ 'Good' music is taken so seriously that musicians have to make jokes about it. Even the celebrated Cantor of Leipzig stuck in a silly *quodlibet* about cabbages and carrots at the end of his Goldberg Variations. Martindale Sidwell, organist and choirmaster at Hampstead Parish church, conducting the London Bach Orchestra at the RFH next week, is a master of the musical joke. Accompanying the seafaring hymn, 'Eternal Father, strong to save . . . Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea', he sometimes incorporates a canon – so the congregation alleges – on 'What shall we do with the drunken sailor?' Taxed about this blasphemy, Mr. Sidwell explains that the congregation was not listening properly. The hidden melody, he claims, was really 'When Britain fir-ir-ir-ir-ist, at Heav'n's command.' A likely tale.

☐ Worried about VAT in relation to the Church, I telephoned a distributor of consecrated wine, 'now available', ran the advertisement in the *Church Times,* 'in small containers.' Mindful of consumer rights, I asked if this meant a diminution in a) holiness; b) quantity; c) potency. 'Not at all, Madam', said the man at *Vino Sacro* in Crediton, Devon. 'I don't wish to sound cagey about this, but the wine that we provide for the Church is a specialised article. The clergy knows exactly what it wants, and this is a sensitive, not to say a sacred subject. So all we can say is that we don't relish this article by you – if you don't misunderstand me, that is.' Quite so. I shall stick to Yugoslav Riesling.

Ruth Hall

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A property investor who has debts of £10,292,602 told a bankruptcy court at Stourport-on-Severn, Worcs, yesterday that he was paying off £5 a month. – *Daily Telegraph* (Chris Mullin)

☐ Bobbies are going back on the beat in south-east England. Their brief is to encourage public involvement in police work by acting as social workers, social leaders and organisers going into schools and places of entertainment. 'I don't mean social workers in any sense of someone who is wet behind the ears and well to the left of socialism,' Mr John Alderson, Chief Constable of Devon and Cornwall, told a press conference in Plymouth yesterday. 'I mean the toughest social workers in the business.' – *Daily Telegraph* (P.N.G. Shiel)

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PHILIP KLEINMAN

Press on regardless

THE FOLLOWING correspondence has come into my possession by means I am not at liberty to disclose. For space reasons, some abridgment has been necessary.

NGA House, Bedford
1 May 1979

Dear Lord Thomson, You look like you might be a reasonable geezer, unlike that shower in Gray's Inn Road who don't know their arse from their cakehole. Me and my blokes feel that, if you and us could get together on our own, we could soon convince you that all we're after is natural justice, namely that printing should be done by printers, not journalists or any other ratbags who've got fiddles of their own. Furthermore we think it's only right that our members' sons should be guaranteed to take over their dads' jobs when they retire. You ought to understand this, seeing as how you got your job the same way.
Yours truly,
J. Wade
General Secretary, National Graphical Association

Thomson Tower, Toronto
10 May

Dear Lord Wade, I am sorry but I see no point in a meeting with you or your members. I have full confidence in the management of Times Newspapers who inform me that their knowledge of anatomy is perfect, despite what you say.

My apologies in advance in case I have gotten your title wrong. I always have difficulty in remembering which Britishers are Peers.
Yours sincerely,
Kenneth Thomson
(Please address as Mr when in Canada)

Mon Repos, Paris
15 May

Dear Thomson, I understand your chaps in London have cocked it up and there is now no chance that they can get *The Times* and the *Sunday Times* back on the streets this year. Why don't you wash your hands of the whole messy business and sell it to me? We can discuss the price any time you like. Drinks your place or mine?
Hopefully,
Rothermere

Thomson Tower
23 May

Dear Mr Rothermere, I have no intention of selling Times Newspapers. You are mistaken in your belief that the papers will not soon reappear. On the contrary, we are now working on a plan devised by Mr William Rees-Mogg to resume publication next month. For your private information, we shall be printing in Taiwan and airlifting copies to a secret airstrip in Southern England. Distribution will be by vans driven by members of the National Association for Freedom which, Mr Rees-Mogg tells me, is not registered as a trade union and is not affiliated to the TUC.

If you get into any labour difficulties with your own newspapers, I am sure that Mr Rees-Mogg and Mr Hussey, at Gray's Inn Road, will be happy to advise on a solution.
Yours sincerely,
Kenneth Thomson

Empire State Building,
New York
30 May

Dear Ken, How are you, cobber? Listen, I've just been talking to Vere Harmsworth, and he tells me your boys Hussey and Rees-Mogg are headed straight for the loony bin. You obviously need to get shot of them, but quick.

Tell you what, let's do a swap. You can have the *Village Voice* here in New York, and I'll take Times Newspapers in exchange. To prove I'm serious, you don't have to throw in any cash as well. You'll be getting the best of the bargain, but I've always loved a challenge, and I think I know exactly what to do with *The Times*. Larry Lamb, of the *Sun*, is agreeable to be editor, so it will be in safe hands.
See you soon,
Rupe

Thomson Tower
5 June

Dear Lord Murdoch, I admit that our plans for the early republication of Times Newspapers have received something of a setback. Logistical problems have forced us to postpone implementation of what I was given to understand was a foolproof scheme for getting the company running again on our own terms. It may be that I shall have to give more of my personal attention to this matter than I have done so far.

Meanwhile I must repeat that I have no immediate intention of giving up control of the papers. However, I thank you for your generous offer and will keep it on file.
Yours sincerely,
Kenneth Thomson

NGA House
25 June

Dear Lord Thomson, A little bird tells us you could be interested in flogging your papers. If that's the way the land lies, our Association has a few bob, and we're also in touch with a couple of bloated capitalists – no names, no packdrill – who wouldn't mind going in with us. So if you won't talk to us as a union, what about talking to us as a customer?
Yours truly,
J. Wade

Thomson House, London
27 June

Dear Lord Wade, I have been thinking. It strikes me that there is something in the idea that printing ought to be done by printers, not journalists or other riffraff. I am surprised that I have never heard this case properly argued.

By all means let us meet – let's say Friday – to see if we can agree on this. As for your other suggestion, there's plenty of time for that if I decided to sell the papers. But I don't expect I shall. Hell, I'm lucky to have them, however they're printed.
Yours sincerely,
Kenneth Thomson.

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Great slavery debate ends in fisticuffs

Sir, Would it be considered poor taste if I were to accuse Robin Blackburn (Letters 29 June) of trailing red herrings across my path? Or to hint that it was rash of him to display his peculiar code of argument (a mixture of the *ad hominem*, irrelevant and inaccurate) in two successive weeks – once when attacking James Fenton, and next when attacking me? If he wishes to advertise the merits of 'marxist' logic, he will have to do a great deal better than he has so far.

First, as to Castlereagh. Mr Blackburn, by using such phrases as 'Brogan now acknowledges' and 'Brogan fails to mention', is trying to convict me of shuffling, dodging, *suppressio veri*. As in his first letter, he himself seems principally concerned to avoid the point I was most concerned to make. It is this: Paul Foot said that Castlereagh had assured the Congress of Vienna that Britain would never abolish slavery. I asked for chapter and verse for this implausible statement, and gave reasons for thinking it unlikely, and probably not to be taken at its face value. I venture to assure Mr Blackburn, and Mr Foot too, if he is listening, that if they can produce good evidence, I will give them best, repent in sackcloth and ashes, write, yet again, to the NEW STATESMAN. Until then, I shall rest content with the following proposition: that Castlereagh only came by degrees to see the virtue of opposing the slave trade (Mr Blackburn is quite right about his attitude in 1806); that when he did, he exerted himself as much as he could to suppress it (see Webster's *Castlereagh*); and that he did as much as any Englishman, except Wilberforce and Clarkson – as much as Stephen, Palmerston and Fox, or any of the other worthies named by Blackburn, some of whom, such as Buxton, were concerned with the parliamentary abolition of *slavery*, not the *slave trade* – to end the Atlantic traffic. The matter may be debated further, but only by solid scholars. I am not prepared to haggle indefinitely over the meaning of my words with a man whose notion of controversy is so imprecise as Mr Blackburn's.

Secondly, and lastly. My private opinion, decently veiled hitherto, is that the likes of Mr Foot and Mr Blackburn are so concerned to damage the credit and power of today's ruling class that they will not hesitate to malign the past, to warp historical truth, which is largely a matter of shading, if they can thereby renew faith that the struggles of today are stark matters of black and red. As a professional historian I find this exploitation of my subject revolting. As a liberal socialist I find Mr Blackburn's suggestion that I am a reactionary re-bunker, who will, for example, defend Palmerston's behaviour to his Irish tenants, as contemptible as it is predictable. Really, Sir: what is the place for such reckless assertions in your columns?

HUGH BROGAN

University of Essex

Black faces and voices

Sir, Professor Terence Ranger ('Rhodesia – the Propaganda War' NS 22 June) mentions the Mambo Mission Press in Gwelo, which I know well. The missionaries are Swiss – hospitable, discreet and well-informed, particularly through their pastoral work in black townships and tribal trust lands. In addition to its socio-economic series, Mambo Press makes the black man's voice known by publishing his vernacular writings. These, in the case of Shona traditions, are being edited and anthologised (according to 'paternalist' custom) by white scholars from material collected by students.

It is quite true that a 'small black bourgeoisie' has acquired a vested interest in the new status quo of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. Many of my salaried African acquaintances who used to say they would have nothing to do with the election ('irrelevant, a farce') did indeed go to the polls. Why? 'A black face in the Prime Minister's office is better than a white one. Besides, we have all had salary rises.' Several of them are now negotiating to buy large plots in a white residential area. They naturally hope that Britain's Conservative government will recognise Muzorewa's Zimbabwe-Rhodesia.

Nevertheless, I have not met a single black man who believes the war will end. 'The boys will go on fighting until a victor emerges.' While the elephants fight, it's the grass (the wretched villagers) that gets trampled.

DENIS HILLS

c/o Tatry Farm
PO Box 374
Umtali
Rhodesia

On giant's shoulders

Sir, I am both flattered and outraged by the letter written to the NEW STATESMAN by two representatives from the Writers' Guild (Letters 29 June). The allegations are, of course, both defamatory and untrue. Interestingly enough, by launching a vindictive personal attack they avoided answering any of the accusations made about their behaviour in the original article.

But to put the record straight: the idea for arbitration did not come from me but from the director who within weeks of transmission and within days of arbitration, claimed joint screenplay credit. He is a member of the Guild's executive council. Unlike my fellow playwrights, I was not a member of the Guild and had no thought of asking them to take up my case. The suggestion came from a Mr. Kelsey, the only representative I have met, who told me he thought I had received 'deplorable treatment' at the hands of the BBC. I telephoned him twice to see what had happened but was told there was a delay as he could not contact all the necessary people. The Guild has not written or telephoned to say they have ceased their efforts and I am delighted if they continue to act on my behalf.

The most ludicrous untruth concerns my personal 'visits'. Apart from collecting my documents, I made *one* visit to meet *one* part-time assistant, Mr Kelsey. This was at the Guild's invitation. Incidentally, I was not in tears, although I hardly consider that relevant.

What still disturbs me is the kangaroo court behaviour of the Guild, who had close personal contact with one party in the dispute and accepted their version of events which I was not allowed to see (I read the BBC submission later when I was inadvertently handed the wrong documents) and given no opportunity to answer. I have not yet received an answer to my letter of appeal written six months ago.

I am delighted to think I have so many friends among my fellow journalists and can exert such influence over them. However, I do not believe that publications like the NEW STATESMAN print legally sensitive material without several opinions and careful comparisons of the scripts. Could it possibly be that *they* came to the conclusion my case was sound?

MARJORIE WALLACE

Sunday Times
200 Gray's Inn Road
London WC1

We did indeed reach that conclusion – Ed., NS.

Failures of the Tate

Sir, I am sure it would have delighted many of our friends if the outgoing Director of the Tate had lifted off with the last salvo of rockets as Mr Bryan Robertson amiably suggests in his letter in your issue of 22 June. Being always one for a touch of spectacle I must say that a Director disintegrating in a shower of coloured stars would surely have been appropriate expiation for all the shortcomings that Mr Robertson and others lay at my door.

Mr Robertson must be a sadder man than the one I used to know if he can find nothing to enjoy in the current show at the Tate. 'Some modest improvement' he grudgingly allows and then goes on to castigate the Tate for not being (among other things) 'a definitively "existential" Museum of Modern Art which should also present works of art, architecture, design of all kinds, film and photography, within revealing didactic and relevant contexts, as well as providing us with large arenas for performances and exhibitions'. There is a case to be made for all-embracing centres of this kind but the Tate is not one of them and it is foolish to complain of its failure to be so. The Tate like all great museums is unique and the bringing together of its two national collections an immensely stimulating, even if unintentional, piece of planning. I believe it would do a disservice to the public and to British art and artists to try to change part of it into a 20th-Century conglomerate of museums as Mr Robertson proposes.

The problem with the Tate is not its multiple functions – many museums are more complex – but the fact that the collections continue to grow. But, friends and critics take heart! 'Large arenas for performance and exhibitions' and many other improvements are written into the brief for the new building on the hospital site, the design of which James Sterling is now considering.

'Why do we ignore artists?' asks Mr Robertson. Far from being ignored the artists were first on our guest list and the most numerous. Mr Robertson complains that at the opening by the Queen '*all the artists* were restrained behind a rope barrier'. Not only the artists but *all* the guests (to our dismay) were kept behind barriers by order of those responsible for security and the control of Royal visits. Out of 1200 guests those who could meet the Queen personally were necessarily few. Those who did – the 'social cruisers' as Mr Robertson scathingly calls them – were the President of the Gulbenkian Foundation (which gave £250,000 towards the new building), Mr Paul Mellon whose gift of 30 sporting paintings, including two by Stubbs, was announced that evening, and Dr Hammer who provided the fireworks. Mr Robertson's intermittent acquaintance with the responsibilities of directing a gallery should have taught him that patrons need to be loved a little.

One passing comment I find puzzling – he hopes that 'there is this time a genuine search' (for a new Director). Does he believe that the Committee which interviewed him (amongst others) and appointed me, was rigged? Will Mr Roberston please explain?

SIR NORMAN REID

Tate Gallery
London SW1

Abortion myths

Sir, Your Leader (22 June) is quite correct in denying that 'abortions after the 20th week are a common occurrence'. But the figures, which are published annually, aren't a matter of 'myth'. The latest year for which they are easily available is 1975, when there were 1,625 abortions legally procured at 20-23 weeks gestation, and 177 from the 24th week onwards. There were also 4,689 with the gestation age 'Not Stated': it isn't altogether clear why it had been impossible to ascertain this in so many cases, and they may well have included some additional late abortions.

So, assuming that all the ages were correctly stated (and they aren't likely to have been exaggerated), some 1,800 unborn children were intentionally killed within, at most, a few weeks of the age at which they would have been capable of surviving independently of their mothers. It is true that this is under 2 per cent of the total for residents' abortions, but it isn't a negligible number. To put things in perspective, it is very close to the figure for all female deaths from motor vehicle accidents, which was 1,773 in 1975.

C. B. GOODHART

Gonville and Caius College
Cambridge

SOUTHALL: The correct address of the Southall Defence Fund (NS 22 June) is c/o Southall Rights, 54 High Street, Southall, Middlesex.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

By your grace

I regret to have to report that I am one of those unsympathetic persons whose hearts sink down into their boots when somebody, brightly beaming, throws into our conversation the dreaded phrase 'I had ever such a funny dream last night.' How to stem the forthcoming torrent of words? There is usually nothing for it but to assume a pleased expression and absent the mind. Few dreams are very funny or interesting except to the dreamer. The recital of one is apt to kick off with daunting words such as 'I was in this strange car, you see . . .' or 'This extraordinary woman came up and said . . .' One knows the pattern all too well. And therefore it is with some diffidence and not without anxious wonderings that I here and now relate to you a dream I had. My excuse is that, as it concerns the very highest in the land, it is up to me, as a loyal subject, to keep you informed about life at Balmoral, where I usually meet her (breakfast on the terrace). It is alleged by trick-cyclists that to dream about the Queen is a clear proof that subconsciously one feels oneself to be socially inadequate. I hotly refute this. Nobody who knows and is chummy with my Devonian friends the Bultitudes can be considered in any way at all inadequate. Giles and Bunty are proof enough of my social security (in the non-financial sense), but if you require further reassurances, what about Canon Mountjoy, constantly at my table? What of my Cousin Madge? There you are, you see. My social life passes muster whichever way you care to turn.

However, it was indeed of Her Majesty that I dreamt though on this occasion we were not at Balmoral. Instead, Mahomet, so to speak, came to the mountain. I was at home and relaxing, having decided not to weed a rather unattractive section of a flower bed behind some fir trees, among the tasteful furnishings of my 'Myrtlebank' sitting-room (general colour scheme, apple green and yellow) when in she walked. No knock at the door or a warning cough or a polite 'Pardon me for intruding'. Just as bold as brass, if such a phrase doesn't smack of lèse-majesté, and wearing a fawn-coloured tailor-made. Not a great deal of jewellery and hatless, though usually she has got her crown on, even at breakfast (well, why not? If you've got it, wear it). She came straight to the point. 'Where's that reading list of books that I asked you to prepare for Prince Andrew?' I was, frankly, dumbfounded. When last we breakfasted together, about three months ago, our animated talk had not concerned books in any way but had been entirely about the difficulty of getting one's grocery and dairy purchases *out* of a supermarket (apparently she herself gets over this little trouble by just yelling 'I'm the Queen' and pushing her trolley straight through the cashier's check-out-point, a solution not available to all). But books? One somehow doesn't picture any members of the royal family curled up with literature.

Playing frantically for time (she looked so dreadfully huffy and put out), I said that I hadn't yet had an opportunity of typing out the list but that I would gladly, and there and then, rattle off some names as they came to mind, upon which she let out a sound that would, in any of her subjects, be called quite simply a loud snort. However, I pressed on and we then moved into the world of Lewis Carroll. Playing for safety, the first title I suggested was *David Copperfield*. 'Piffle,' cried the Queen. What, then, about another treasure from our great national literary heritage, *The Light That Failed*? 'Bosh,' she shouted. *A Passage to India*, *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Middlemarch* were met with 'Rubbish,' 'Nonsense' and 'Worst book I ever read.' Stung by a particularly noisy shriek of 'Tripe!' when I rather daringly put forward the name of a personal favourite, *A Handful of Dust*, I plucked up my courage and said, rather severely, that it seemed to me a pity that she was being so unladylike. 'A Queen can't be a lady, and vice versa,' she said in a very snubbing manner and then vanished. I was far from displeased to see her go. Then I woke up, rather shaken. It was just after 5 a.m. and the birds were twittering and enjoying an early snack. I keep at the bedside, fearful of dehydration, a glass of orangeade covered with an old envelope in case a fly, blundering about by night, should find there a damp grave, and while I took a refreshing sip, I found myself pondering about what, these days, constitutes a lady.

Not so very long ago, the signs were many. She had servants. She wore, whenever possible, gloves. She went to church. She never in any circumstances raised her voice, no matter how trying the conditions (falling over a cliff). She had days, even up to the 1930s, when she was 'at home'. She ceaselessly wrote letters (it was very far from acceptable to do a lot of telephoning) in an enormous and flowing hand, about ten words to the page. She seemed not much to notice anything that was disturbing or an any way nasty (wasn't it dear Queen Alexandra who, motoring through some of the most appalling of the East End slums, used to keep up a monotonous rumble of 'Poor things, poor things'?). She drank a glass of madeira and ate a small piece of Dundee cake about 11 a.m. By the age of fifty she was more or less done for physically and retired to a sofa and rugs and embroidery and ear-trumpets. Oh yes, and she was rich too, or at least relatively so. The Victorians, who really invented 'the lady' and were quite desperately conscious of what constituted one and what didn't, wouldn't at all have approved of a lady being poor. But nowadays when everybody is poor, few attend church, gloves are rare, there are no ear-trumpets and if a lady retired to a sofa, she would have to get smartly off it again in order to go and fetch her lunch, what infallible signs are left to us? To whom can one turn for that rarely final and authoritative word on this difficult subject?

To help us in our enquiries, who better than the publishers who flourish beneath the name Debrett's Peerage Ltd, even though ladies are by no means only to be found in noble families ('and vice versa', as HM would undoubtedly quip). They have now encouraged Douglas Sutherland, who put us all straight on the subject of 'The English Gentleman', to tackle, at £3.50 a time, *The English Gentleman's Wife*, or lady. Debrett's, possibly out to dazzle dull old you and me, provide a foreword by a duchess, no less, and an introduction by Lady Windlesham, but after that, Mr Sutherland takes over and gets down to more ordinary and everyday matters. He it was, you recall, who fearlessly informed us in the previous volume that gentlemen simply do not live in Surrey and thereby caused consternation among the carports and barbecues and loggias of Guildford and Haslemere and Godalming. Maybe he is right. This was, after all, the area inhabited by Carl Peterson and Dr Lakington, and they don't come any more ungentlemanly than that. Even the future Mrs Bulldog Drummond's father, who lived there too, was a skilled forger, in the intervals of weaving his wobbly way to the sideboard to punish the whisky decanter yet again.

'Although times have changed, the female animal,' our duchess assures us, 'has not changed so very much,' but the young man of today, if he is after the best, must be quick off the mark ('young lovelies can be out of reach in no time'). Never mind. 'Rest assured, there are plenty of models, secretaries and yes, debutantes, for the less adventurous suitor.' Oh good. Boldly stating that 'any wife worth her keep can drive a horsebox', our noble informant then tugs aside the strawberry-leaves and allows us a peep at home life:

> Many years ago when I had a pack of hounds, I virtually had to resign the Mastership due to lack of a 'surrogate wife', as no one domestic servant today could ever be coerced into undertaking the duties expected of an English Gentleman's Wife. I needed a 'wife' to scrub the breeches, polish the boots, sew on the buttons, drive my daughters to school, answer the telephone, deal with the chicken claims, fetch the dead and rotting flesh for the kennels. Then, after all this, make herself charming to everyone at the meet and generally arrange a Master's social life. But at that time, good 'wives' seemed to be at a premium, and I couldn't get one for love or money, even when concealing the fact that I didn't propose giving much of either of those commodities to any prospective applicant.

I do see why nobody pressed forward.

Roger Woddis

Ad nauseam

Blest is the kneeler at the pew;
The power of God hath brought him through,
And, after they have drained the cup,
Hath saved the weak from throwing up.

His is the halo, theirs the shame
Who dare to curse his holy name;
For he is pure and free from sin,
And still hath hopes of getting in.

Be humbled by his self-control,
And marvel that his liberal soul
Is calm and inwardly serene,
As though the past had never been.

Lord, he hath suffered more than most,
And yet he was a heav'nly host
In bearing love for those below,
The luckless in their greater woe.

Pray for his grace, that you may be
Deserving of his ministry,
And hope to serve some cause till then,
As he hath served his fellow-men.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Eva Figes

Rape Around Our Coast

Obscenity by GEOFFREY ROBERTSON *Weidenfeld* £16 and £8.50.

Whatever one may feel about the degree and quality of censorship in Britain today, anybody who has experience of the existing law in action knows it to be an ass. The DPP will start a prosecution only after guessing what a jury's opinion is likely to be. Once in the dock, a person accused under the Obscene Publications Act of 1959 is judged not for breaking any specific regulation, not for what he has published, but on the purely speculative effects on speculative readers as guessed at by the jury, effects couched in such vague terms that no social scientist would accept them as a basis for making a statement of fact. Under the 1959 Act the prosecution has to establish that a publication has a tendency to deprave and corrupt, but to date the only persons who have been proved corrupted by such literature are the police whose job it is to enforce the law.

The law is not served by being brought into ridicule, and justice is not served by attempts to circumvent public witch hunts, through police forfeiture procedures, through the ridiculous Post Office Act, or the wide powers of the Customs and Excise, who can seize books which are freely on sale in the country or have already been acquitted under the Act. So this book, written by a practising barrister with libertarian sympathies but also a respect for consensus politics, is a timely exercise in exposing the art of the impossible. He gives a clear account of legal theory and practice in recent years, weighs it in the balance with changes in social attitudes, and comes to the predictable conclusion that the law is out of date and in need of reform. More usefully, he has sound practical suggestions for sensible and radical reforms.

Censorship laws involve questions about civil liberties, and anyone who reads this book with a reasonably open mind must be disturbed by the issues it raises. For instance, once the police have a magistrate's warrant to seize articles suspected of obscenity, they can seize any documents on those premises, not only those related to the suspected article. Nor do the police have to give receipts for the amount or nature of the property seized, which enabled the obscenity squad to sell material they had confiscated. And, as no receipts are given, it is quite possible for the police to claim that material was found on premises which was never in fact seized, in order to incriminate. If the material is returned without a hearing the owner has no right to claim for loss of trade, and there is no reasonable time limit laid down between seizure and summons. In forfeiture proceedings the court hearing is conducted by the same people who issued the original warrant, which means that the magistrates already have a strong view on the outcome. In 1974 134,000 copies of 34 different titles published by Olympia Press were destroyed after only 90 minutes of discussion over lunch by six justices at Stony Stratford, and the press which had introduced Beckett, Genet and Burroughs to the world went out of business. As the author points out, this procedure has been exploited in a number of cases to deprive publishers of their right to trial by jury, and should certainly be amended.

The author also points out the dangers inherent in the development of common law charges in the courts. Judges tend to lead more sheltered and isolated lives than Members of Parliament. Informed that oral sex was widely practised in Britain, a Liverpool stipendiary remarked: 'If this is really so, I am glad I do not have long to live.' Such attitudes are by no means unusual, and courts often try to reverse what they see as undesirable trends in society. A charge like 'conspiracy to outrage public decency' gives courts an alarming scope, far beyond sexual matters. The *Oz* trial, for instance, became to all intents and purposes a political one, where a whole life style was indicted.

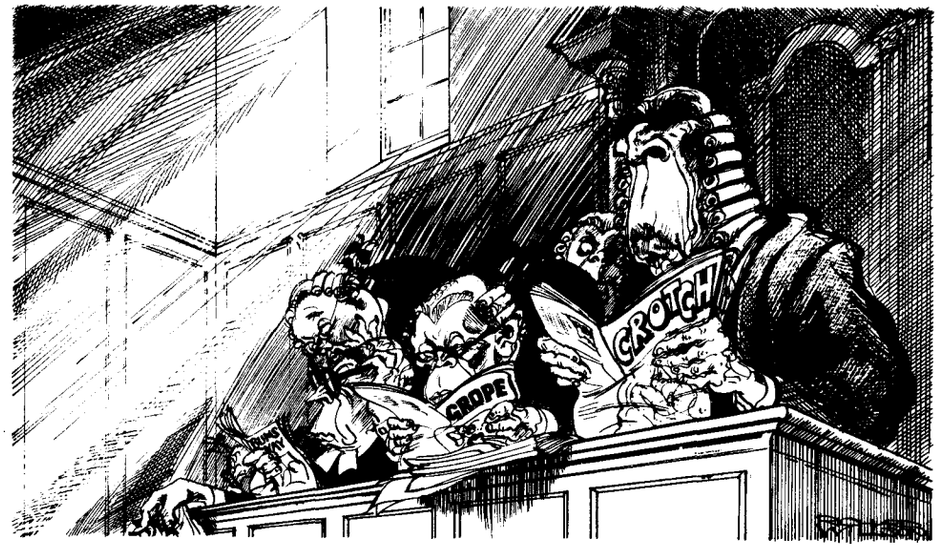
Robertson is aware that a younger generation has its own ideas on what constitutes indecency, and that the law does not meet this new consensus, particularly the feminist one.

> A book describing deviant behaviour, even if written with compassion and understanding for the participants, will be charged with obscenity long before a book whose heterosexual heroes exhibit the most callous disregard for female integrity.

And did you know that showing blue movies or erotic photographs to your spouse at home brings you within the ambit of the law?

So what of the future? Robertson recommends the repeal of the 1959 Act and complete freedom for the written word. Incitement to drug-taking, violence and sexual offences would be prosecuted as such. For pictorial matter he suggests a Classification Board on the lines recently introduced in South Australia. Police or publishers would submit material to the Board, which would licence it for either general or restricted sale. The advantage of the South Australian Classification Board is that it lays down explicitly what may be depicted for general sale, what is not available for minors, and so on. As an added safeguard Robertson suggests an appeal system whereby a Board decision to prohibit or restrict sale could be reversed by a jury. This classification system effectively covers the problem of protecting minors and the problem of offensive display.

This is a reasonable book by an eminently reasonable man, and I hope his suggestions will not go unheard. The law as it stands is, at best, open to ridicule, and at worst to serious abuse. The author is also critical of the hidden censorship in broadcasting and television, but this, alas, still falls outside the scope of the law as we know it, and therefore of law reform. All that the author can do is to stress that public broadcasting requires public accountability, by implementation of the Annan recommendation that decisions to censor, and the principles upon which they are made, should be open to scrutiny at regular public hearings. But that Report, as we know, has already been muffled. The basic principle of censorship remains the same, and it has to do with class. As Robertson says of censorship in the media: 'the greater the number of viewers, the less they are permitted to view'. Or, as they said in the old days: 'Would you allow your gamekeeper to read this book?'



What could have been a dry sad tale of legal ineptitude is enlivened by historical background and moments of sheer hilarity. Sir Dingle Foot bought a book at an airport bookstall and had it confiscated by Customs on his return. Other Customs casualties included *Fun in Bed* (games for sick children) and *Rape Around Our Coast* (a study of soil erosion). During the recent *Gay News* trial for blasphemy the judge asked the jury: 'Do you think God would like to be recognised in the context of this poem?' And moral paternalists should learn from the number of times the Lord Chamberlain, for instance, has backed the losing side. He prohibited Ibsen's plays 'in the permanent interests of the stage'. Throughout the Thirties attacks on fascism were banned: as late as 1939 a song entitled 'Even Hitler has a mother' had to be scrapped.

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Terry Eagleton

What is Literature?

Formalism and Marxism by TONY BENNETT *Methuen* £5 and £2.50
Socialist Thought in Imaginative Literature by STEPHEN INGLE *Macmillan* £8.95
A Political Art: Essays and Images in Honour of George Woodcock edited by William H. New *University of British Columbia* £9.25

Marxist criticism, as some of us have been uneasily realising, has never quite managed to break decisively with the bourgeois aesthetics from which it sprang. This is as true of Marx and Engels's own conventionally Hegelian comments on literature as it is of that doyen of all Marxist aestheticians, Georg Lukács, who built a venerable career around selling bourgeois realism to the Stalinists. Most English Marxist critics, as Raymond Williams pointed out 20 years ago, have been little more than Romantic sheep in materialist clothing; and although new names have appeared on the scene since then, what passes for Marxist criticism still remains deeply complicit with its ideological antagonist.

It isn't only that Marxist critics have tended to bandy about concepts like 'genius', 'greatness', 'organic unity' and other notions dear to the heart of the literary establishment. More radically, as Tony Bennett argues in his excellent little study, Marxism has blandly assumed that there is indeed something called 'Literature', privileged bits of writing distinguishable by certain immutable properties, which can thus become the object of a critical science. Literature becomes a fixed, unproblematic object to be probed; it's just that when Marxist rather than bourgeois critics probe it, different things tend to fall out. In accepting the fetish of Literature, Marxist criticism underwrites the ideologically significant divisions which a recent phase of class-society has enforced between different kinds of writing – between those granted the golden seal of 'literary' merit, and those relegated to the outer darkness where Chartist ballads and Raymond Chandler lurk licking their wounds. It has thus, Bennett implies, sold the pass to its opponents from the outset.

To dismantle this whole concept of Literature, Bennett returns in an unpredictable move to the much maligned Russian Formalists, that astonishingly fertile group who, if one were to credit the average Anglo-American account, were no more than a bunch of syllable-counting aesthetes. For the Formalists, the 'literary' is that mode of writing which 'defamiliarises' other kinds, 'estranges' routine representations so as to refresh them. It's therefore an inherently *relational* concept: you can perceive a work as 'literary' only in its variable relations to other texts. A piece of writing may be literary in March but non-literary in October, literary for you but not for me; it all depends on what you *do* with it, on the interpretative operations you bring to bear on it and the institutional context within which it is embedded. What the Formalists failed to examine were the material and ideological factors involved in constructing some works as 'literary' and some as not, bequeathing this task, so to speak, to Marxist criticism. But Marxist criticism slid back from the Formalists' recognition that 'literary' is a *functional* term, falling prey to the utterly non-materialist assumption that some texts just are, after all, eternally and immutably 'literary'.

Three recent Marxist critics – Louis Althusser, Pierre Macherey and myself – are taken smartly to task for this unconscious complicity with bourgeois aesthetics. All of us are exposed as reluctant to relinquish the 'metaphysical' notion of the 'text-in-itself', unable to accept that texts are multiple, indeterminate fields of meaning which exist only as they are constructed by specific readers in specific historical conditions. If Marxist criticism could only achieve this recognition, Bennett claims, it would see that its true task is not aesthetic but political. All criticism is an ideological intervention, *using* works in particular ways; and if the word 'use' grates unpleasantly in conventional critical ears, it should be remembered that it's the kind of term one tends to apply to other people's interpretations rather than to one's own. The point of a Marxist criticism isn't to reflect, interpret or evaluate a pre-given object called the 'work', but so to construct the work as to lay bare its ideological contradictions.

Powerful and persuasive as this case is, it nevertheless raises problems. One part of Bennett, one feels, wants to disown aesthetics entirely: what's at stake, he argues, isn't 'Marxism *and* aesthetics' but 'Marxism *versus* aesthetics'. But to fend off the reductive 'overpoliticisation' of works implicit in this stance, he's constrained elsewhere to speak of something called the 'aesthetic effect'. What is this, exactly? It's certainly true that no text comes along with its built-in 'aesthetic effect' – that such effects depend on the concrete historical conjuncture in which both work and reader are situated. But how far can we speak of 'aesthetic effects' at all without suggesting certain *constant* operations which then threaten to topple Bennett's case back into the very 'essentialism' he has been struggling to escape? Moreover, Bennett's valuable insistence on the work as constructable field of meaning rather than pre-fashioned object sails perilously close to a form of neo-Kantianism currently fashionable on the Left. Does it follow from arguing that the 'text-in-itself' is an illusion that we can never actually know that *Macbeth* isn't about Manchester United? Doesn't the text in some sense constrain the possible range of its interpretations? And if not, what would it mean to say that we're discussing *this* text rather than another? In bending the stick against a 'metaphysics' of the work, Bennett occasionally falls foul of an extreme 'conjuncturalism' which merely collapses the work into its various moments of reception. But if this is bending the stick a bit too far, it seems to be in the right direction.

Meanwhile, the literature-and-politics industry continues to overproduce. 'This is not the place', remarks Stephen Ingle in his *Socialist Thought in Imaginative Literature*, 'to undertake a detailed investigation of the nature and history of socialism.' I'll say. Blithely unbothered by the matters which preoccupy Bennett, Dr Ingle takes us on an undemanding tour of some works by socialist writers (Morris, Shaw, Wells, Orwell and others), and in each case tells us mainly what the stories are about, perhaps for those who haven't time to read them. He doesn't encumber his book with anything resembling the case, and doesn't seem to have noticed that the works with which he's dealing are usually called fictions, constituted by certain complex formal devices. It's a relief that Ingle isn't, as far as one can tell, a Marxist, since this is the kind of summarise-the-political-content stuff which has got us all a bad name. The transatlantic branch of the industry is in good shape too, if the lavishly produced *A Political Art*, essays in honour of the Canadian libertarian George Woodcock, is anything to judge by. A rag-bag of poems, tributes ('George is a national literary asset'), memoirs ('The brown hair has changed to a benevolent white silkiness') and critical essays containing sentences like 'Fiction has many facets, and I have mentioned only a few', the symposium creeps along at a preternaturally low intellectual level, united by nothing more than the man being 'honoured'. Appropriately perhaps for a volume dedicated to an anarchist, it's all diffused, disjointed and laid-back, with everybody doing their own bit unconstrained by the alienating demands of critical rigour.

Stuart Hood

Choose One

Politics and Cinema by ANDREW SARRIS *Columbia University* $16.20.
Film Propaganda: Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany by RICHARD TAYLOR *Croom Helm* £11.95

Andrew Sarris has an undisputed place in the history of film studies in English for having, in the Sixties, championed the *auteur* theory of film with its stress on the imprint a director makes on a film by a combination of technical competence and individual personality. From the tension between that personality and the film material, Sarris has argued, derives the inner meaning of the director's work, 'the ultimate glory of the cinema as an art'. It is a view which has since been modified and challenged by more austere theories of film-making, but to it we owe the serious, uncondescending study of film-makers like Hawks, Ford and Hitchcock, and the unimpugnable assertion that they deserve to be considered alongside Bresson, Buñuel and Renoir. Sarris's contribution to film studies is unquestioned; his importance as a film critic is a matter of record; what requires to be challenged is his political stance as it emerges from the essays and articles collected under the title of *Politics and Cinema*.

At one point in this volume of his writings – to be precise, in the midst of a perceptive discussion of the problems of applying semiology to film – Sarris describes himself as 'too formal for the journalists, and too flippant for the academics', the latter being an oddly distancing remark from the associate professor of film at Columbia University. There is nothing to quarrel with in what might be defined as his formal virtues, whether they be of style or of knowledge of film, which is encyclopaedic; but

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there is something to be said about his studied flippancy – and that on two grounds. The first is that his apparent anti-intellectualism – what might be described as critical populism – in the end can become a tiresome evasion of important issues as in the summing-up of an article on Costa-Gavras, the director of *L'Aveu* with the words: 'Art and Revolution. Choose One. I choose art.' The second is political cynicism – a stance which he describes as 'centrism' but which is, in fact, noticeably to the right of centre. Thus he chooses to live with 'the injustices and inequalities of bourgeois capitalism for fear of losing the music of individual voices'; sees the left as a mirror image of the right and boasts of 'a certain notoriety' acquired over the years for deflating what he calls 'the apocalyptic fantasies of the left'. This putting down of the left is a political activity which does not, however, enable him to distinguish between anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism or to see that it is not enough to be merely understanding when discussing Leni Riefenstahl's reactions when 'confronted with the realities of power'. Douglas Sirk, whose work is a ripe example of the *auteur* theory, took a different view of Nazism from Riefenstahl, choosing to emigrate because of his Jewish wife in spite of the blandishments of Goebbels, who was prepared to come to almost any form of arrangement that would keep Sirk in Germany.

Yet if the reader can put up with what Sarris describes as his 'liberal scepticism' he will find unexpected things in the texts – such as the conviction that *The Godfather* might have been a more profound film had the director, Coppola, shown greater interest in crime 'as an extension of capitalism and the *sine qua non* of showbiz'. On the other hand, what are we to think of the political naiveté which can make him speculate that, had there been no capital punishment in Germany in the Hitler period, there might have been no holocaust. On another page, however, he disarms criticism by the acuity of a remark that '*Night and Fog* [is] the only film on the Nazi era to have truly transcended its subject without betraying it'. Thus his plain-man mystifications are shot through with observations derived from deep knowledge and great love of the cinema.

It is more difficult to place Richard Taylor, who appears to have constructed his study of Soviet and Nazi propaganda films on the basis of an LSE doctorate supervised by Leonard Schapiro; which may be why one can detect here and there little cold warrior's fingerprints. The basic defect of the book, however, is that although the author sets out to discuss Soviet and Nazi film propaganda and has clearly done his homework with care and application, he is absolutely without any theoretical framework which might allow him to say something interesting on the subject. Thus the concept of ideology is foreign to him and he can in consequence only attribute the ideological effect of the entertainment film to the 'lulling of the audience into a sense of submission' or (to quote one of his homely comparisons) 'catching them with their trousers down'. The result is that his account of *October*, *Three Songs About Lenin*, *The Triumph of the Will* or the last of the Nazi propaganda films, *Kolberg*, is reduced to jejune and unenlightening content analysis. His theoretical work is on a level with his complaint that it is 'fashionable nowadays to denounce objectivity and to decry the search for balance in . . . our principal media of mass communication'. Given such a naive concept of the problems of mass communication theory, it is not surprising that *Film Propaganda* casts little light on an important and complicated subject.

among this week's contributors:

EVA FIGES's books include *Patriarchal Attitudes* and *Little Eden*, a memoir of childhood. Her most recent novel was *Nelly's Version* (1977).

T. G. ROSENTHAL is Managing Director of Secker & Warburg and an executor of the Michael Ayrton Estate.

MICHAEL MANN, Reader in Sociology at LSE, is the author of *Consciousness and Action in the Western Working Class* and *The Working Class in the Labour Movement*.

TERRY EAGLETON is a Fellow in English at Wadham College, Oxford. His most recent works are *Criticism and Ideology* (1976) and a play, *Brecht and Company*.

T. G. Rosenthal

High Protean

Michael Ayrton: An Illustrated Commentary by PETER CANNON-BROOKES *City Museums and Art Gallery, Birmingham* £4.95
Labrys: Michael Ayrton Issue *Flat 3, 26 Redcliffe Gardens, London SW10.*

If, as the old saw runs, nature abhors a vacuum, so English artistic life dislikes those who fill up the spaces. In common with other unclassifiable creators, Michael Ayrton had little recognition in his life time, and the kind of major retrospective exhibitions and publications, such as those under review here, began to come only after his death. Fundamentally, he made critics uncomfortable, particularly art critics, largely, as far as I can make out, because he knew far more about art than they did and did not go to excessive lengths to conceal the fact. That he broadcast on radio and television with greater fluency and skill than those set in judgment above him, did not help his reputation either so, despite great critical enthusiasm when he was in his twenties, when he was at the height of his powers as painter, etcher and sculptor, he was never packed off to Biennales at Venice, or despatched to the provinces by the Arts Council, and there were no big shows for him at the Tate or the Hayward.

Michael Ayrton was firmly of the awkward squad; from long before he told the Corporal inducting him into the RAF that he was a gnostic, to his last day on earth. Then he was trading minutiae of the classical works with Cambridge's two best Greek scholars in order to put the final touches to his last published work, his etchings for, and translations of, the Parian fragments of Archilochos.

Like other members of the awkward squad, notably his one-time mentor Wyndham Lewis, Ayrton is one of those artists who eventually cannot be ignored – particularly that very protean quality which so fragmented, and thus damaged, serious appraisal of him, be it the technical mastery of his various cinema and television films, or his substantial literary oeuvre. This alone consisted of 15 books, which would have satisfied most men as a decent life time's achievement.

Like many outstanding artists, the protean variety is all of a piece. One idea feeds another, in a different medium, but with an absolute continuity of style. The obsession with Berlioz produced a superb short story as well as bronzes. Ayrton's empathetic identification with Daedalus was the well-spring of drawings, paintings and sculpture of true master-craftsman quality. It also yielded the intensely lyrical combination of almost mystical verse and prose, *The Treatment of Daedalus*. That in its turn was only a dry-run for his finest work of fiction, the novel *The Maze Maker*.

One of my most treasured possessions sums up the totality of Ayrton. Authors who dislike their jackets are common. But how many could do what Michael did with the American paperback of *The Maze Maker*? He did a superbly comic series of drawings of Pasiphae, the bull, etc. and had them printed in the form of a paperback cover and stuck onto the offending work. On the back one reads:

> The author of this book, finding the jacket imposed upon it by the publisher of this edition unacceptable, in that it represents a Balinese lady reclining on a stuffed moose, has here replaced it with a drawing of his own in which the maze maker holds the totem of the publisher symbolically. Fifty copies in this form, each signed by the author, will be distributed to his friends and others. Those tempted to seek the lady and the moose will sacrifice to their present curiosity a future bibliographical rarity of which this is copy number:

There are some artists whose work goes through apparently irreconcilable sea changes, and whose last work bears little obvious relationship to the first. There is little similarity between Mondrian's Dutch landscapes with windmills in them and the Broadway Boogie Woogie of 1942 to '43. Yet when one saw the massive Mondrian retrospective in the early Sixties, with the paintings hung in chronological order, there was an inexorable progression, stylistically entirely truthful to one man's conception of painting, from the dark brown windmills to the brightly coloured geometry. Thus the Birmingham publication, much more than a catalogue and slightly less than a book, is the most valuable survey of Ayrton's work to date. It lacks a bibliography, and doubtless the chronic shortage of municipal cultural funding is responsible for the lack of colour plates; but Dr Cannon-Brookes has made a brave and idiosyncratic selection, has packed in a great deal of information and has given us nearly 250 chronologically arranged black and white reproductions which give a very fair representation of over 30 years of Ayrton's visual output. Any admirer of Ayrton's work should obtain it and all Ayrtonians should salute the only major museum official in this country who had the discernment and courage to see that Ayrton's talent was of a major order, deserving of that large, retrospective and, alas, posthumous exhibition in Birmingham at the beginning of 1977. The range, the thematic changes and the absolute integrity of the visual work are all there in logical order, and constitute a moving salute to a chronically underestimated artist.

The Michael Ayrton issue of *Labrys* (whose Greek title, meaning double-headed-axe, was, co-incidentally, of particular significance in Ayrton's work) is a very useful compendium of essays, including brief memoirs by Arnold

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Haskell and Humphrey Searle; Donald Davie on *The Maze Maker*; a check list of Ayrton's writings; and the scripts of the first three programmes of his projected television series, *A Question of Mirrors*, sadly cut off by his death. Karl Sabbagh, who would have produced the series, gives a splendid account of Ayrton's great gifts, not just as a performer and writer, but as an innovative master of television technology. But the real nugget in *Labrys* is Basil Wright's description of a visit with Ayrton to the Alexeieff-Parker studio in Paris to see the famous pin-screen with which that macabre classic of Thirties cinema, *Night on the Bare Mountain,* was made. To film directors of Wright's generation and calibre the pin-screen was like a precious ikon and was guarded as such. Before Ayrton's visit, only Normen Maclaren had ever been allowed to touch it. Within a short time, Ayrton had mastered the immensely painstaking and subtle technique, and was making images of Berlioz which astonished even Alexeieff and Parker.

This episode was a perfect paradigm of Michael Ayrton's unique genius, a blend of remorseless technical curiosity, followed by absolute mastery of any medium he tried and culminating always in work of unqualified excellence.

Michael Mann

Public Life, Private Knowledge

A History of Sociological Analysis edited by Tom Bottomore and Robert Nisbet *Heinemann* £12.50 and £5

This weighty tome comes to us with the stamp of authority. The editors are pre-eminent sociologists, their 15 contributing authors are scarcely less so. All are distributed judiciously around the Atlantic and around the various camps into which sociology is now divided. We might expect a good guide to the state of the sociological establishment, and this is what we get. The outcome is profoundly depressing.

From the first eight essays we pick up a fair idea of the vitality of the science of society from the time of the French and Scottish Enlightenment to the death of Max Weber in 1920. The main source of the vitality is made clear: intellectuals' excitement at, and desire to participate in, the great contemporary transformations of European (and to a lesser extent) American society. One of the editors, Robert Nisbet, has earlier argued in his book *The Sociological Tradition* that sociology was actually a response to two revolutions, the French and the Industrial. Here he repeats the argument with respect to the conservative traditon in sociological theory, picking out especially its emphasis on the social as a riposte to the individualism of the revolutions, on the functional interdependence of all parts of society as a riposte to tampering progressive legislation, and on the urgency to renew a sense of the sacred to provide moral solidarity in times of rapid dislocation. The argument is true and capable of infinite expansion. Virtually all the major classic theorists from Rousseau and Ferguson, through Marx and Spencer to Durkheim and Weber would gladly have adopted Comte's motto *'savoir pour prévoir, pour pouvoir'*.

This had two particular consequences. Firstly, their fundamental concepts arose from their concern to understand their own times. When we read Marx on social class or mode of production, Spencer on evolution and structural differentiation, Durkheim on social and moral integration, or Weber on bureaucratic authority, we may find the concepts of wide application, but we are also reading the history of the 19th century, and we are meant to do so. Secondly, in striving to understand their own times their concepts sought to grasp the totality of society but were bound to fall short. They tried hard to encompass economy, polity and culture, individual social experience as well as grand institutions, but the messiness of the real world showed through. Their thought was rich and cannot be encapsulated in single word-isms – with the single and often misleading case of Marx's 'materialism'.

Thus the reader should arrive at about page 300 of this book rather impressed with the youthful achievements of this child of the Enlightenment, and with appetite whetted for their continuation in the 20th century. What follows is pure and almost unrelieved frustration. Suddenly, in Chapter 9 and round about 1920, sociology as reflected in this book shifted its basic stance. At about the same time virtually all sociologists became safely entrenched as academics, abandoning Grub Street for the common room, entrusted with tenure and teaching. It was no coincidence.

New theory turned away from historical and contemporary trends and became abstract and 'purified' of the world, consciously, deliberately. The concern was now to identify universal social processes, qualities which were thought to characterise all societies and even all social relations. Different writers picked on different processes, and the result was a proliferation of theories offering intensive, not, as hitherto, extensive viewpoints. These selective concentrations – 'paradigms' is today's favoured term – can be described usually in single word-isms. These are the headings of Chapters 9-14: Functionalism, Theories of Social Action, Exchange Theory, Interactionism, Phenomenology and Sociology, Structuralism. Each chapter thoroughly pursues the implications of the favoured focus.

Naturally these paradigms possess merit. We can be continually stopped short by the way in which our own social experience may be illuminated by metaphors drawn from exchange processes, role performances and the like. But they are clearly *not* designed to help us grasp the way the world is going. The transformations of our time are no less dramatic, but the contemporary theory of Chapters 9-14 has nothing to say about two world wars and the threat of nuclear war, the international growth of the capitalist economy, the development of state socialism, the changing position of women, the growth of the state, or indeed any of the other striking developments of the 20th century.

But on page 599 the reader might begin to suspect that sociology actually does have something to say about the world. Two contributors attempt just this, though unfortunately one of them, James S. Coleman on Social Policy, does so rather sketchily. The other, Frank Parkin, provides an essay on Social Stratification which should be required reading for anyone interested in understanding and transforming our stratification system. It appears from his chapter that today's sociologists *are* concerned with today's problems, specifically with the growing interpenetration of class, race and nation in the most advanced societies, with the long-neglected issue of stratification between the sexes, with the growth of the state, and with a perennial issue for 20th-century writers, the growth of the 'new middle class'. Parkin lucidly discusses the ways in which traditional theory can be used, and also where it is found wanting, on these issues. He comes to no clear-cut solution, but he enables us to see what the problem is. And he reminds us, as Bottomore has earlier done, that one theoretical school has never abandoned an interest in the world and its transformation: Marxism. Its persistence has been justly rewarded with a dominant voice in the discussion of these issues today. This sometimes leads to odd results, as for example when feminists tend to attribute the oppression of women to capitalism. In fact capitalism has actually opened up the possibility of their liberation.

Let it be said that Frank Parkin is not on hi

Hugo Williams

Bachelors

What do they know of love
These men who have never been married?
What do they know
About living face to face with happiness
These amateurs of passion?
Do they imagine it's like home used to be,
Having a family of one's own,
Watching the little bones grow lethal,
The eyes turned on you –
And realising suddenly that it's all
Your own fault the way things are,
Because it's you now
Not your parents who're in charge?
Can they understand what it means,
These suntanned single men? or are they
into cars

And what do they know about the
bedside lamp
These denimed Romeos,
Its sphere of influence as night descends,
Familiar switch to hand:
On-off, off-on, the thousand little clicks
Half in, half out of the dark,
As the row gets going on time, or
nothing does
Or the bulb just sings to itself
On your side of the bed?
Pride in anger. That's your happiness.
A poisonous seed washed up with you
On a desert island of your own making,
Your impotence in flower like a
hothouse rose
And they talk about love,
These men who have never been married.

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NADINE GORDIMER has spent most of her life telling us the truth about South Africa. Never before has she shown herself to be so politically committed or so eloquent as in *Burger's Daughter,* published by Cape at £5.95. In the words of David Caute in the *New Statesman,* 'she is regarded as the most distinguished among those South African writers who have confronted white oppression, apartheid, with moral courage and imaginative power. *Burger's Daughter*,' he goes on, 'is about the daughter of a noble-spirited Afrikaner who dedicated his mature years to a selfless struggle for black liberation, suffering in the process constant ostracism, harassment, persecution and, finally, death in prison. Nadine Gordimer portrays this hermetically oppressive universe with impressive political intelligence, a sure grasp of both the complexities of underground militancy and the crystalline gleam of revolutionary concepts.' R.W. Johnson went even further in his review in *New Society.* 'Its range across the broad canvas of contemporary history brings immediately to mind the great Russian novels of the 19th century. It is certainly the most powerful and illuminating novel about South Africa I have ever read . . . Gordimer's sureness of touch, sensitivity and penetration are simply staggering.' Equally impressed with Miss Gordimer's ability to create 'with horrifying credibility the cat-and-mouse game which the authorities play with their victims,' Thomas Hinde concludes in the *Sunday Telegraph* that 'as a description of existence in a police State it could hardly be bettered.' In the *Observer* Anthony Thwaite pronounced it 'a beautifully manipulated work of art, moving towards a tragic and triumphant resolution.' Martyn Goff's advice in the *Daily Telegraph* is unequivocal: 'In the unlikely event that you only find time to read one novel this year, then be sure to make it Nadine Gordimer's *Burger's Daughter.*'

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own. This book does not represent the real state of sociology. Actually, the second part of this book could have taken a different turning. Writers like Daniel Bell, Galbraith, Goldthorpe, Lipset, Poulantzas, Touraine could have contributed general theoretical pieces, although these men are not the equals of the classics, especially in regard to conceptual and theoretical innovation. The main reason they are not has little to do with their abilities, or even with the peculiarities of sociology, but with the nature of the contemporary university. In virtually every academic discipline, the pinnacle of achievement is represented by pure, abstract 'theory'. The practical, the applied, the empirical is for the research assistant, the Ph.D., and the less talented. Between the two exists a gulf which only the brave dare bridge.

Certainly the ruling classes have every reason to be satisfied with the performance of the academics. They are provided with useful, empirical research which – being without theory – does not raise uncomfortable questions about the fundamental nature of society. And they also get the ritual incantations of 'theory', boring but undeniably soothing to all concerned.

Victoria Neumark

Boiled Sweets

The Lead Soldiers by URI ORLEV *Peter Owen* £6.50
Twopence to Cross the Mersey and **Minerva's Stepchild** by HELEN FORRESTER *Bodley Head* £4.95 each
The Gossamer Fly by MEIRA CHAND *John Murray* £4.95
Now, God be Thanked by JOHN MASTERS *Michael Joseph* £6.50

It is a crisp, bright day. On the grass in front of the cabins two boys are playing with lead soldiers – attack! charge! Tanks roll through weak artillery defence. Presently the older boy has enough and wanders off by himself to write poetry. One day he will grow up to be a writer. The younger one gets out a tattered stamp album and pores over it with furious concentration. Nearby Uncle is dozing in the sun. A quiet day at Butlins? Not quite, it is 1943, the boys are Polish Jews and the camp is Bergen-Belsen.

Only the excavation of personal experience can startle us anew with the nightmare of Nazi Europe. Uri Orlev's impassive semi-autobiographical unreeling of a childhood mangled through the German occupation of Poland, the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, the death of mother and half the family, has that authority. Yes, the reader thinks, it must have been like that: along with the lines of well-dressed men and women shuffling forward to board 'resettlement' trains and their guards' endless delight in brutality there were also children playing. Even in Belsen the sun shone in the summer, blindly on all alike. Orlev's writing is all the more telling for its sober inclusion of small normal joys in the picture of a life lived in flight and terror. At the very moment in which they are arrested for trying to cross to the Polish side of the ghetto Yurik and his brother Kazik are involved in inventing a story about Karl George Schultz, infamous owner of the ghetto factory for Industrial and Military Apparel with its quota of Jewish workers. Saved by the skin of his teeth from deportation and bundled into hospital to hide, Yurik ponders the contents of his pockets: lead soldiers, the tine of a fork, a handful of boiled sweets and half a pair of scissors. *The Lead Soldiers* touches one of the most poignant stories of the Holocaust, the story of the butterflies children drew on the walls before they went into the gas chambers, keeping faith with their imaginary worlds in the optimism of a Stoic who can't see beyond the moment. Yurik leaves the hospital. 'He was wearing shorts and a polo shirt, and his socks flopped over his shoes. Don't read your emotions into him. He wasn't at all upset. He was sure that this was how it was meant to be.'

Though *The Lead Soldiers* alternates between the voice of the narrator as adult and as child, there is not a particle of sentimentality in the juxtaposition. Yurik is not a sweet child and he is not pathetic: his story is all the more moving for that. Helen Forrester's adolescence was equally the prey of history. Below the breadline in the slums of Liverpool during the Depression, she and her numerous brothers and sisters scrimped out the meagre existence imposed on them by improvident parents. Perhaps having someone near to blame takes the sting out of misfortune, or perhaps, pitiable though it is for children to starve slowly on slices of bread and marge and patch their shoes with old cardboard, for the reader it is a more accessible fantasy of misery to be fourteen and plain and overworked as a skivvy for a glamorous mother down on her luck than it is to be seven and wetting yourself hiding from the Nazis in a linen bin. At any rate, *Twopence to Cross the Mersey* and *Minerva's Stepchild* are decidedly cosy episodes in an Ugly Duckling story, in which the heroine's transformation from emaciated louse-ridden ex-grammar-schoolgirl to author of her own story is the epitome of cheerful, winsome pluck.

Natsuko in *The Gossamer Fly*, though outwardly better circumstanced than Helen Forrester, has a harder time. When her American mother has a long-awaited nervous breakdown and leaves her wealthy Japanese husband, ten-year-old Natsuko is left at the mercy of the maid, Hiruko, who is only interested in enmeshing her father and brother in the web of her sensual subservience. Meira Chand admirably captures that curious paradox of Japanese life – desperately violent emotion sealed up in the strictures of an all-embracing aesthetic code of life. Natsuko has been brought up by her mother to be spontaneous – everyone around her now considers this offensive. The only free behaviour is never to be mentioned: Hiruko panting under the brother's inexperienced lust whilst Natsuko crouches trembling behind the ancestral suits of armour in her father's study. Natsuko's imaginary world is not equal to the strain of loneliness, indifference and deceit which Ms Chand's prose distils in dew-drop clarity, and like the affronted Samurai she seeks refuge in action. 'In her mind she tore and scratched at the stillness, determined it should never get her.' The climax of her passion to assert herself, to claim her being, is intertwined with the ecstatic processional of the Summer Festival, offering some mysterious transcendent solution – but one that is for ever just above her reach.

These delicate balances of form and feeling are not for John Masters. Veteran spinner of many a yarn of the Malabar Coast and Bengal forest, he has now joined the merry band of chroniclers of a nation at war. *Now, God be Thanked* is a hearty saga of the mingled fortunes of four families: the aristocratic Durand-Beaulieus, the industrial Strattons and Rowlands and the reprobate Gorses, during the onslaught of the first world war. Everyone is keen on doing their bit for England and having a bit of the other at the same time; the noblesse oblige of the upper classes is exceeded only by the randiness of the peasantry. And with what relish we see Stella lose her virginity (unsatisfactory for her) and Guy initiated into manhood by killing the local homicidal sex maniac (highly satisfactory for him). Socialists, suffragettes, Asquith, Uncle Lloyd George and all flock on to the crowded stage as fill-ins between juicy family tragedies. As Yurik might have said – we should be so lucky.

Jon Silkin

The Uses of Man and the Uses of Poetry

With pleasure I read
How Horace traced the Saturnian art of verse
Back to those peasant burlesques
Which did not spare great families, till
The police forbade lampoons, compelling
Those with a grudge to develop
An art more noble and air it
In lines more subtle. At least that is how
I construe that passage.
Brecht: 'Letters about Things to Read'

Gently the moist worms adapt the soil.

It's not always like this; I've heard
how a man visits another, hired
to teach poetry in jail. Some smile.

Not so the warders, who adapt
most to the rod of discipline.
Talent burns its crap away: the man

in jail, fast as the other learns
how to teach, grows to write;
he leaves the fine rasp of lyric

for satire. In the prison yard
the willow bows its decent head.
Warders pick out their man; he fixes

them in satire, as freezing water
Russian soldiers the Finns drove
into the lake's grim medium.

This cold fixative. Warders bear
their prize to a quiet cell and here
beat out their limits of his endurance.

He is finished, and the wounds eat him.
Even so, pity the warders with
feelings much as another one's

and weep for the uses of poetry.

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Agitprop and the Avant-Garde

JOHN WILLETT reports on the Paris-Moscow Exhibition

For six months last year the Centre Beaubourg – that spectacular petrochemical plant of modern culture in mid-Paris – held a big 'Paris-Berlin' exhibition which showed the arts of pre-Hitler Germany in the context of their connection with France. Now there is a similar exhibition devoted to 'Paris-Moscou 1900-1930' which will run until 5 November. It fills most of the Beaubourg's fifth floor with its 2,500-odd exhibits; it took five years to organise with the help of the Soviet Ministry of Culture; it will be supplemented by concerts and special showings at the Cinemathèque; the catalogue has 580 pages, lots of pictures, and costs about £11.

It is an enormously rich mixture, far more so than our own 'Art in Revolution' exhibition eight years ago, and it contains much material from Soviet sources which is not normally to be seen at home. Like its 'Paris-Berlin' counterpart, it falls into two distinct halves, divided by the first world war, whose relevance to the 20th-century arts has been little explored. First comes the rise of the main modern movements, with the influence of Paris spreading to the younger Russian artists and writers, many of whom were actually working in that city just before 1914. Here the Russians, even more than the Germans last year, appear primarily as followers, aside from those under Diaghileff's wing who made their impact in France slightly earlier. The outstanding paintings and sculptures are overwhelmingly French, though some of the best-known, like Picasso's portrait of Vollard or the Matisse *La Musique* and *La Danse*, were bought or commissioned by Russian collectors.

Then everything changes, even more markedly than with the Germans, as war leads to revolution – the central core of the show is devoted to agitprop – and the Russians, led by those same foreign-influenced artists and writers, go their own way, largely cut off from a now relatively static Paris. The interest switches. Constructivism and the Productivism which developed out of it, the Vkhutemas design and architecture school which anticipated the post-1922 Bauhaus, the theatre of Meyerhold, the typograpy of Lissitzky and finally the cinema of Eisenstein all appear far in advance of what was then being done in France. Yet here too boredom takes over as we reach the mid-1920s towards the north end of the show. What the organisers compromisingly term 'les réalismes des années vingt' include some paintings of real originality, on the Soviet as well as the French side (Deineka's women textile workers of 1927, Herbin's *Les Jouers de boule* which was in the Hayward's *Neue Sachlichkeit* exhibition, the odd work by Shterenberg), but there is a steady infiltration of the kind of Socialist Realism that became mandatory in the 1930s. The weakness of the show is that the last five years or so make no kind of clear pattern. Its great evasion lies in its failure to mention what happened next.

Boris Kustodiev: The Bolshevik (1920)

It is not an inaccurate picture so much as an incomplete one, and much of the trouble is surely due to the limits within which it has been set. Ten years could well have been lopped off the beginning of the period (eliminating *The World of Art* and the blue-period Picassos) and five more added on to the end so as to bring it up to the Palace of the Soviets competition and the 1934 Soviet Writers Congress, when the great majority of the present exhibits were effectively condemned. That would have posed the real problem of Soviet culture both then and now, instead of putting it in the rosy light of 'cultural exchanges'. Even as it is, however, something is lacking, because Moscow and Berlin were not in fact attached to Paris by two quite separate strings but formed part of a mutually stimulating triangle whose most active side after 1917 was the line Moscow-Berlin. It is for instance slightly ridiculous to present the Soviet architecture of the 1920s in the context of the 1925 Arts Déco exhibition rather than in that of the Bauhaus and German town-planning, while one of the reasons why Lissitzky cuts a misleadingly small figure in the show is surely that his links were German rather than French.

Maybe we should not have had the exhibition at all without this pretence that it is primarily about cultural relations between the USSR and France. ('There is not a single basic contemporary artistic movement that developed outside Paris or Moscow', writes one of the Soviet organisers, thereby implying that he knows little about Futurism, Expressionism or Dada.) But the point for the visitor is that it offers a chance to follow the marvellously exciting Soviet avant-garde from its beginnings in Cubism and Futurism, through its fulfilment in the early years of the revolution, up to the first, relatively spontaneous manifestations of its decline. Looked at this way the arrangement is not always very clear. Thus no artist's work is grouped together so that you can follow his development and get an idea of his particular contribution, while the relevance of the interspersed French exhibits is often puzzling: some, you discover from the catalogue, were in Russian collections before 1917 or – even more interestingly – added to them later; but quite a lot, like (say) Delaunay's portrait of Philippe Soupault, seem to have a purely atmospheric role. This, one can only infer, is meant to show what the climate of French painting was like around the time when Lissitzky published his 'Prouns'. Such pictures provide a standard of quality by which to measure the Russian works (which often fall short in professional skill and subtlety) but at the cost of obscuring the forces which impelled the artists concerned. Even the development of so famous a figure as Malevitch is conveyed by scattered, if fascinating hints: e.g. his extraordinary *Red Cavalry at the Gallop* from the Russian Museum in Leningrad.

Perhaps it is best, then, to abandon the attempt to make sense of the larger story, fascinating and important though it is, and enjoy the individual works which have been so exceptionally brought out for us. Chagall, for instance, was at his unsentimental best on his native soil, as you can see from his *Fenêtre à la Datcha* from the Tretiakoff Gallery as well as from his brilliant watercolour designs for the Jewish Theatre in Moscow. Malevitch's *Square* of 1913 is here from the Russian

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Museum; it has far more depth and magic than you can judge from any photograph, and far more than the similar abstractions by Rodchenko; you have to see it in the flesh. Shterenberg, whom Lunacharsky put in charge of the visual arts at his Commissariat, emerges as an interesting figurative painter not far removed from German *Neue Sachlichkeit*; he is generally underrated. Larionov is as endearing as ever; there is an absurd *Venus* of 1912 by him as well as one of his recumbent soldiers, and it is also interesting to learn that he helped organise the modern French art exhibition held in Moscow in 1928 (four years after the big German one). Lentulov is another who makes a strong impression in the early part of the show, perhaps because in his case the pictures – big, decorative and forceful in a style learnt from Le Fauconnier and Delaunay – are hung as a group.

But the man who, to me, speaks with the most interesting voice of all is the rather older Matyuchin, best known perhaps as the composer of Kruchenykh's opera *Victory over the Sun* for which his friend Malevitch designed the sets. He was not only a musician (writing a treatise on quarter-tone music for the violin, according to the catalogue) but a colour theorist whose big *Movement in Space* of 1917-18 is a pioneering abstract arrangement of coloured stripes. In a wholly different vein he is also the painter of the most memorable portrait in the show: that of his short-lived wife Elena Guro the Futurist poet, who is seen low on the canvas against an impressionistic background of grass and trees, looking seriously at the artist with a big cap and a thin, funny mouth.

Contrast this with another portrait (likewise from the Russian Museum): Kustodiev's *Merchant's Wife Drinking Tea* of 1918. Here, painted with a literalism worthy of 19th-century Munich, is a contented *bourgeoise* with plump forearm and deep décolleté at a table loaded with samovar, watermelon, cake and fruit, being nuzzled by her cat as she daintily raises the cup to her small smug lips. It is all presented in the context of incipient Socialist Realism (Kustodiev did a terrible painting called *The Bolshevik*) but in fact seems to satirise the style as well as the sitter. At the same time it too is painted with a kind of love.

Futurist magazines and booklets are well represented, recalling the recent show at the British Library; they are a unique and fascinating Russian speciality. There are also rare examples of the work actually done at the Vkhutemas which, like Productivism as a whole, never got anywhere as near practical realisation as did comparable designs from the Bauhaus. A group of utopian architectural fantasies mainly by Jakov Chernikhov (a second Finsterlin) echoes those of the German Expressionists; they include examples by Ladovsky and even Rodchenko.

The small first world war section is almost entirely French, Zadkine's excellent hospital drawings dating from after he had finally left Russia; however there is a brilliant set of postcards by Dufy explaining French army ranks and uniforms to the Russian troops. Generally this sort of thing is very well done in the exhibition, and the literary exhibits are sensibly picked and most illuminatingly catalogued. The theatre for some reason comes off less well, though there are other important designs besides those by Chagall, e.g. Alexander Vesnin's for *The Man Who Was Thursday* in 1923, while Eisenstein's production of *The Mexican* for the Proletkult in 1920 gets a good showing.

But these are details. What dominates the show as a whole is the revolutionary ferment conveyed in the circular central area, where artists and writers get momentarily caught up in agitprop, often of considerable formal originality, amid huge evocative photographs like that showing a *Cortège théâtrisé des enfants de l'Assistance Publique sur la Place du Palais, Petrograd 1919*. And of course this is the key to our interest, and what so distinguishes the Russian culture of those days from that of any Western country. For here you had a new society with new demands and openings for all kinds of experiment. At the same time you had a group of extraordinarily bold, speculative-minded experimental artists (in the widest sense). Bring these together and the results will hardly be boring. If successful they will be both artistically and socially original; if a failure (like Tatlin's crazy flying machine from the Moscow Aeronautical Museum) they in the end become deeply moving.

The tragedy of this show then is our knowledge that in the end the bad art, here rather disingenuously insinuated into the 'réalismes des années vingt' section, so soon afterwards drove out the good. This tragedy ought to be the guiding principle of the organisers, who should be trying to show us what went wrong, thereby making sense of the last part of the show. As it is, however, the catalogue not only starts out with mutual congratulations about the debt of the one culture to the other and vice versa (not omitting Lenin's stay in the Rue Marie-Rose) but even includes an approving reference to 'la méthode déterminante' of Socialist Realism.

The fact is that bilateral exchanges, while good for keeping tight control of foreign influences, are a hopeless means of understanding and promoting the arts, which cannot really be canalised in this way. The miracle is that so much of 'Moscou 1900-1930' none the less gets through. And the interesting thing to watch will be the fulfilment of the organisers' promise that the same exhibition will be shown in the USSR during 1981. So far it has only been the art and architectural historians there who have been able to judge the brilliance of their pioneers. Is the general public (i.e. The People) at last to get a chance?

Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Disposable Spaceships

La Düsseldorf: Viva *Radar* £5
George Harrison: George Harrison *Dark Horse* £5
The Rumour: Frogs, Sprouts, Clogs and Krauts *Stiff* £4.78
Graham Parker and The Rumour: Squeezing Out Sparks *Vertigo* £4.65
Patrick Fitzgerald: Grubby Stories *Polydor* £4.63
Ian Dury: Do It Yourself *Stiff* £4.78

Rock 'n' roll is instant like Nescafé: it is a product of our age, geared to the consumer market, easily digestible, disposable and forgettable. The sound of the jukebox, disco, car and transistor radio does not linger in the mind, except by virtue of the clever 'hooks' which make a song indispensable and turn it into a hit. Rock survives through built-in obsolescence, providing, not history, but a succession of appropriate backgrounds to the here-and-now. Unless we choose the dubious role of critic, we do not remember rock best as the linear development of fashions and styles over the years, but in terms of specific associations, each particular hit the soundtrack to a crucial event or period in our lives.

Rock grew up in a period which turned its back on both past and future: the past was too square, and the future, with its threatening nuclear clouds, too grim to contemplate. The Beachboys sang of having 'fun, fun, fun, 'til my Daddy takes the T-Bird away', celebrating an endless summer of unbridled hedonism. Paradoxically, rock's very concern with the here-and-now, and a consequent natural alliance with the Beat movement and its hippie aftermath, led to a more serious consideration of the future. For, out of the rejection of the 'work and suffer now, enjoy life later' philosophy of the mainstream, there grew a desire to change the world – to make it more fun, as well as more aware and more contemplative.

Concern for the future did not wilt with the flowers of the late Sixties; neither is it completely absent from the violent and unlyrical protest of the late Seventies. The dream of a better world – a world of love, economic equality and co-operation – dies hard, and Joe Strummer of the Clash is, for all his dourness, as optimistic as any of his predecessors on the rock stage, guided by a deep faith in the healthy potential of humanity. Love, so fashionable in the now mythic summer of '67, does not appeal to today's media and opinion-makers, so we do not hear, see or read too much about it, although there is no doubt that it is as lacking today as it was then, a fact that a number of recent albums makes clear.

La Düsseldorf – the latest purveyors of what Virgin Records orginally christened 'Krautrock' – are a soft antithesis to Kraftwerk's rigid and mechanical computer music. On *Viva* they have combined the spirit of Beethoven's visionary Ode to Joy with the bouncy oompah beat so typical of Euro-rock. The mix is not as insipid as this might suggest, although its superficiality sometimes threatens to deny the real qualities of the sentiments behind their music. When they sing that 'the terror will grow/and the world will explode/into a new moral code', the echoes of the final

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solution and new order ring a little too loud. However, the message is not out of *Mein Kampf*; La Düsseldorf, more in line with the millenarian feel of esoteric philosophy, urge us that 'you better start thinking/you better start working/deep inside yourself/and this will be paradise/if we open our heart'.

In another song, they sing 'All you need is love *geht ein altes Beatleslied*' – flashing back to the group that started the ball rolling. A decade on, the need is as great as ever, and George Harrison's latest album returns to the subject on a number of occasions. Like Neil Young, another rock veteran whose latest album refuses to abandon what has become an unfashionable subject, Harrison will not let go of his wish to open our hearts, not just for spiritual growth, but for social and political development as well. 'Love comes to everyone/It only takes time', Harrison sings, suggesting a sweet future of wholeness, the outcome of an inevitable evolutionary process – as unavoidable as the advent of the loving and sharing communist society in Marx.

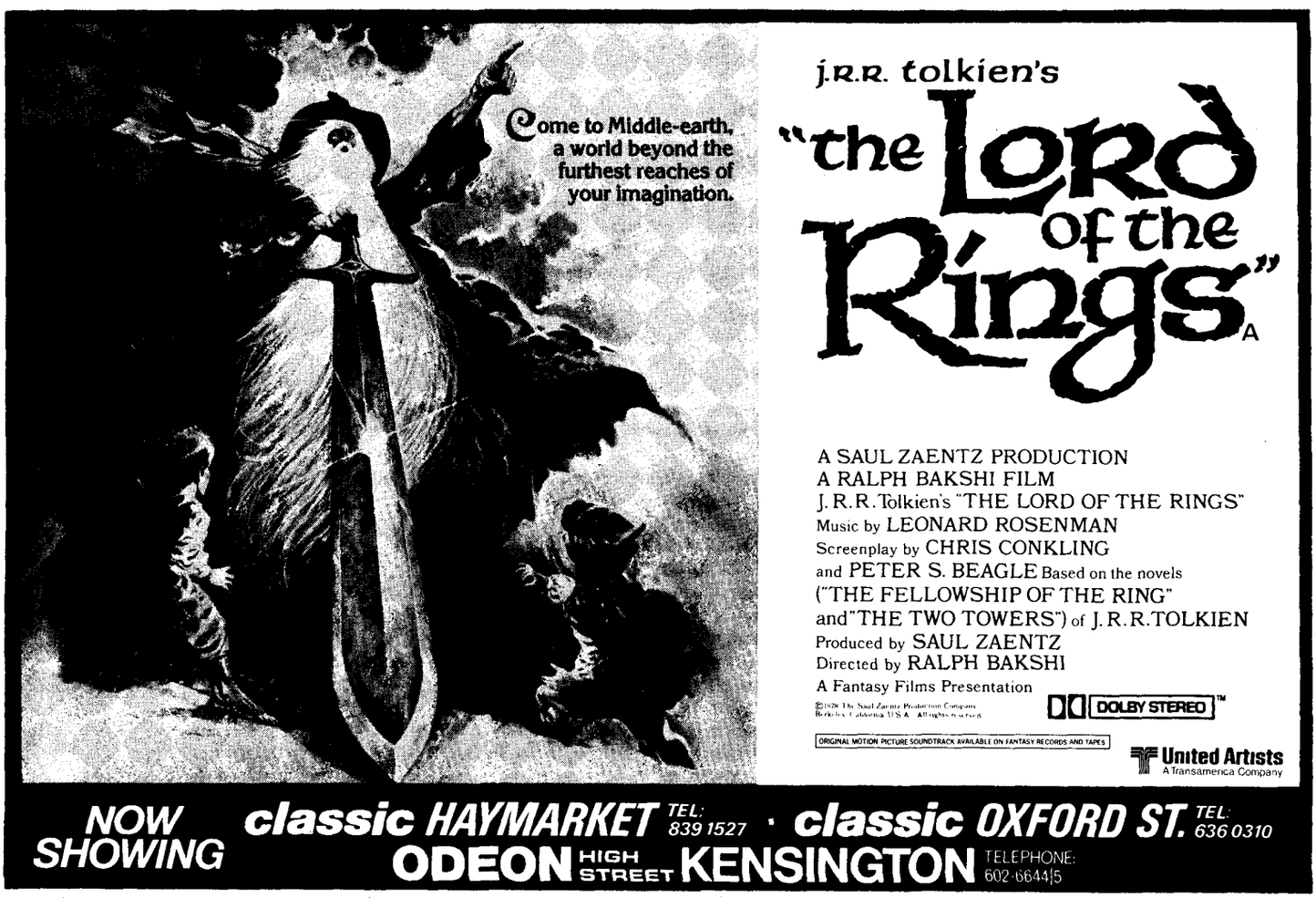
The Rumour (Graham Parker's excellent backing group) – unlikely candidates for this sort of role in the rock circus – have included a song called 'New Age' on their superlative album, *Frogs, Sprouts, Clogs and Krauts*, a collection of very subtle songs, several of which elegantly weave in and out of the 'futures' theme: 'Frozen Years' (the band's recent single) projects into a time without heart, when young lovers have to rediscover the lost joy of touch – almost the world we live in today. It is clear that The Rumour, along with many others, see the need for a fundamental change of direction, the only way out of a world without meaning. The answer may come from within – or it may come externally: on 'Waiting for the UFOs' Graham Parker asks 'Is it a light in the sky or a spark in my heart?', acknowledging the deep interior search for an escape from the trap of our present confusion. On the rest of his album, Parker boogies and rocks, as usual, with extraordinary fervour – and the dancing which his music so forcefully encourages may not be a bad way of spending the time until those spaceships come sailing in.

But the expression of wistful hopes is only one facet of contemporary rock. Others sing of hopelessness and a trade has grown up lately around descents into hell. Despair has been around far longer than the Thatcher government, and it comes into fashion every so often; but rarely has its cult been so closely associated with the profit motive. *Angst*, alienation and disgust are all big business now, thanks to rock 'n' roll: you can bounce into oblivion to the clockwork beat of disco, but the *real* music of today is more likely to make you feel depressed, and exploits a deep and seemingly irreversible malaise.

Patrick Fitzgerald – punk poet from Leytonstone – is 1979's answer to Donovan: while the Flower Power era's Sunshine Superman sang in an acid daze of a glorious future of love, Fitzgerald sings without hopes of VD, vandalism, hate and hypocrisy. Romance and optimism have been ousted from the centre of the rock arena by a grim acceptance – not without anger – of the world as it is, particularly in its more hideous forms. Patrick Fitzgerald's first album, *Grubby Stories*, is a dour piece of work, an unrelieved journey into the spiritual limbo of late 20th-century urban life, a world with little love, beauty or excitement. There is nothing contrived about the mood of almost total depression communicated by Fitzgerald and so many other members of the new wave; you do not have to look very far to see how easily a large slice of a generation could feel that way about the world they have inherited. Not only do we not live in a pretty place, but we have not gone very far towards equipping young people to cope with or change it.

Where Fitzgerald differs from the more gloomy of his contemporaries is in his innocence: his is the desperate cry of a child discovering evil and ugliness for the first time. He views the world around him with more incomprehension than bitterness. His naïveté does not diminish the sharpness of his observation – quite the contrary – and the final impact may be that much more powerful on account of the acute vulnerability which it reflects. 'Me and you are just little fishes', he sings plaintively, 'and there aint no way that we can improve our lives' – as angry as any of the Clash or Sham 69, but with a helplessness that is both appealing and credible. Fitzgerald's descent into Inferno is the voyage of a child, the Fool with uncluttered vision. The surface purity of *Grubby Stories* is enhanced by the spareness of the music, Fitzgerald's thin and edgy voice, a simple but original accompaniment on acoustic guitar, and a number of tracks with minimal but very melodic instrumental backing.

Patrick Fitzgerald's relationship to the 'grubby' in life is quite different to that of Ian Dury – the other emphatically cockney artist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of the new wave. While Fitzgerald plays on his clear-eyed youthfulness, Dury has created a monster from the grubby deep as a vehicle for his songs and performances. *Do It Yourself*, Dury's excellent follow-up to his successful *New Boots and Panties*, once again features the lunatic ramblings of a deranged East Ender, just as much of a product of the grim Essex border country as Fitzgerald, but all the wiser for having *lived* the ugliness of it all. Fitzgerald responds delicately to the environment which has nurtured him (and it is both a wonder and reason for hope that he has survived it so sensitive), while Dury's public persona – a means for the artist to distance himself from his subject – reflects permanent damage; his scars, however, are the result of immersion in the waters of hell and a sign of maturity. We may ache at the sound of Fitzgerald's bruised and childish voice; Dury enables us to laugh – uneasily perhaps – for his art reaches beyond the violence and madness he describes.

Meanwhile, these two cockney travellers of the underworld, the wide-eyed, defenceless child and the crippled maniac – the first bare, and the second masked – tour the country to packed houses, quenching our thirst for reflected horror, and keeping the record industry afloat. Fitzgerald's poems have been published by the Tower Hamlets Arts Project, and he has written the music for Stephen Poliakoff's new play at the ICA. He and Dury have made it as cultural heroes of our time, as mirrors of despair.

Films

John Coleman

Force of Hobbit

The Lord of the Rings (A) *Classics, Haymarket and Oxford Street*
My Love Has Been Burning (A) *Gate Two*

As a child, I read as a child and can still remember the delight, born of that ideal combination of cosiness and terror, which a book called *The Hobbit* brought me. That was in 1937 and little did I reck that its possessed author, J. R. R. Tolkien, an Oxford professor of Anglo-Saxon and later of English Language and Literature, was already at work on a great, sprawling, mythic, magic and flatulent trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings,* the last volume of which appeared in 1955. Most of the world is now aware of its enormous success – one of the all-time paperback bestsellers – and particularly of its eerie hold on American campuses of the Sixties, where Frodo and Gandalf buttons and stickers did roaring business and freakier students tried wrapping their tongues around elf-speech.

The animator Ralph Bakshi was an early fan. To him we owe those funnyish, foul-spoken urban cartoons, *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic* and, more recently, the pretentious experimentation of *Wizards,* an evident run-in for the big one. Now we have it, Bakshi's *The Lord of the Rings,* produced by Saul Zaentz, and it is down to me to appraise what has been made of the impossible. Leaving aside the debatable merits of the original and noticing that the third part of the trilogy, 'The Return of the King', has been held back for a second film, I must admire the narrative compression of this 135-minute animation while admitting not to disappointment (since my expectations were nil) but to some difficulty in staying awake.

Credit where credit is due. This tangled tale of a never-never Middle-earth, where a peaceable young hobbit is charged with taking a charmed Ring into the heart of darkness and saving civilisation as he, his wizard-mentor Gandalf and others knew it, passes through various landscapes and is populated with elves, dwarves, sinister Orcs, massive Ents – or tree-men, Man himself, those hobbits and a degraded version of the last, Tolkien's finest invention, the evil, pathetic, hissing, slithering Gollum, forever muttering 'my precious' and 'famisshed for fisshes'. Evidently, the main problem facing Bakshi and his team of 200 assistants was simple and insuperable: how to pictorialise these assorted creatures in a manner satisfactory to the inner eye of millions of readers. Everyone has his half-image of a hobbit (if you are like me, you do not fully visualise characters in a book but 'see' them in some in-and-out, adjustable form that comfortably lets them be, now fairly sharp, now known but nebulous) and few will be happy, one suspects, with Bakshi's Tom Sawyerish kids with hairy brown socks for feet. So irritation alone ensured wakefulness.

Only the knobbly, near-naked grey Gollum came near my mark. Worse yet, a decision – presumably following on from the use of some filtered footage from *Alexander Nevsky* in *Wizards* – was taken to film the big set-pieces of battles and suchlike with live bodies and subsequently trace round the contents of these frames in the cause of increased realism. One thing or the other, Mr Bakshi, please. Here we frequently get the most disrupting of optical conflations – the jerky, simplified blandness of Disney figures flat cheek by rounder jowl with red-eyed men in Orc masks: suspension of disbelief is not on. As for the shifting backgrounds (and pre-publicity would prepare us for a rare and eclectic pillaging of such household names as Brueghel, Rembrandt and Winslow Homer), the preponderant sense is of riffling a sheaf of old *SatEvePost* covers. But then Tolkien's descriptions of scenery are usually yawn-making, sub-Tennysonian.

Among the British voices used to some purpose, there was time to scribble down John Hurt, Annette Crosbie and Peter Woodthorpe (Gollum) from the screen. The comic bits, invariably hobbit-found, came as a relief and well translated. The film's end arrives abruptly, earlier than the tunnelling horrors of the second volume. And one wonders what those to whom Tolkien is a closed book will make of the headlong expository matter, with its rash of anagrammatic names: Saruman, Mordor, the Balrog, Aragorn, Galadriel, young uncle Sam Gamgee and all. A lot of thought and some reverence has gone into this enterprise. More thought, proper reverence might have prevented it.

Only a handful of the hundred-odd works of the Japanese master Kenji Mizoguchi have been publicly shown in this country and we should be grateful for *My Love Has Been Burning* (1949). The US occupying authorities laid down ground rules for Japanese cinema during the immediate post-war years, among them the notion of fostering a new deal for women. So maybe we should not be surprised by an opening title that adjures just that: 'This film is an appeal to the world for truly free women', particularly as Mizoguchi's brilliant obsession was with the dramas of the other sex.

The time is 1884, during the reign of the Emperior Meiji when the modernisation of Japan was beginning. Eiko (played with plain nobility by Kinuyo Tanaka, the sad heroine of *The Life of Oharu*) quits her upper-class family in Okayama for Tokyo and the political emancipation of women. She works for a liberal newssheet; goes to live with handsome Shigei (Ichiro Sugai, another Mizoguchi stalwart), an up-and-coming politician; is wrongly imprisoned when Chiyo (Mitsuko Mito), a girl sold from Eiko's own household, sets fire to the factory where she has been beaten and raped; befriends the girl when they are both freed during a general amnesty; then has to suffer her lover's electoral triumph coinciding with his taking bewildered Chiyo to him as mistress.

Eiko decides to go home and set up a school. How Mizoguchi lifts this harsh melodrama into something credible and touching is perfectly shown in a closing sequence on a train. The words SECOND CLASS are seen in reverse on a glass door; Chiyo slides in to join Eiko; a white shawl is magisterially used. The pictorial and the dramatic become inseparable.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Life Styles

Six Characters in Search of an Author by PIRANDELLO *Greenwich*
The Caucasian Chalk Circle by BRECHT *Stratford East*
The Wind Howls Too by JOHN BERGER *Lyttelton*

In mooch Pirandello's actors wearing, among other things, sneakers and jeans and pencils round their necks, to be hectored and cajoled by as world-weary a director as you'll find in any Covent Garden rehearsal room towards the end of any humid July afternoon; and then on come his six characters, huddled, nervous, and hardly less recognisably modern. As you'll probably recall, they're all soon at work on a torrid family saga, at whose climax a tormented mother blunders into the brothel where her estranged husband is seducing the girl she conceived by another man and stops him with a stricken cry of 'that's my daughter, you brute!'. At this point the director demurs, not (as you'd suppose) because the situation is ludicrously melodramatic but because the sexual victim is beginning to clamber out of her dress. 'You must see,' he wails. 'You can't really put a scene like that on the stage.'

But you can, and we do. Admittedly, things are not as feverish as they were in the early 1970s, when one could hardly enter a theatre

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without seeing genitalia swaying like sea-anemones and a hundred varieties of congress clammily mimed in full-frontal pinko-grey; but that is because stage nudity, as it's repulsively called, is a commodity everyone now takes so thoroughly for granted that we critics rarely bother to comment on it at all. Where, one wonders, has this very sheltered theatre director been skulking for the past two or three decades? He won't tolerate children on stage. He mistrusts seriousness. And he insists upon a seamless naturalism: 'You can't put up a signpost to tell the audience where the scene is occurring, or change the set three or four times in the act.' Really, he should have come with me to Stratford East last week, where he'd have found a four-year-old tot centre-stage, a narrator as signpost-substitute, and the Caucasian countryside skimming past as if on skis.

The fact is that updating *Six Characters* is apt to make it look silly. If the aim of the director, Phil Young, was to give substance to Pirandello's attack on theatrical conventions and taboos destructive to subtlety, trenchancy and truth, he might have done better to set and dress the play in its original period, the early Twenties; and if he hoped to do justice to its subsidiary suggestion, that the six characters are less nebulous, more crystalline, somehow more 'real' than reality itself, he might have assembled a cast more consistently capable of sustaining the vivid and resisting the rhetorical. To be sure, he isn't altogether helped by the steamy savageries of the plot, which include the death-by-drowning of one child, the suicide-by-shooting of another, and a lot not easily confused with life as most of us know it. All the same, something must be wrong when Michael J. Jackson's snarky and supercilious director is so much more identifiably authentic than, let's say, Pauline Moran's braggadocio stepdaughter, who ends the evening interminably screeching with ghoulish glee, like a Disney witch being tickled to death. Pirandello may have thought he had written a play proving that art is both less and more potent than life: this production indicates otherwise.

The Caucasian Chalk Circle comes, as I say, complete with the customary alienation effects, but nevertheless seems unlikely to expand most people's mental muscles very much. In intention, Brecht's tale of the infant nob saved from slaughter by a servant-girl, and then officially given her by a wayward but warm-blooded judge, is a secular sermon aimed both at us and at the communards whose dispute about land opens the play: nurtured matters more than nature; things belong to those who make good use of them; and so on. In practice, it rattles and spins along like something concocted by the Brothers Grimm at their most festive, an impression reinforced by Jonathan Chadwick's production, which tends to substitute buoyancy for bite, geniality for edge, broadness for precision, and must have left the children in the audience thinking it was Christmas. Since Santa's sack turns out to contain two performances of particular promise in Deborah Findlay and Tom Wilkinson, both of whom sent me out into the wintry June air glad to be alive and a reviewer, I don't however propose to play the party-pooper and haggle any further over propriety of interpretation.

Besides, I must find an inch for Michael Kustow's 40-minute adaptation of John Berger's portrait of the French peasantry, *Pig Earth*. Though it is recited by four players in chairs, it's graphic, tangy stuff: the killing of a pig, exactly evoked; the death of an aged farmer, a man of skill and imagination; and (who knows?) the end of an era. This, at least, is what's implied by the costumes, which are barnyard traditional for the grandparents and department-store anonymous for the sad-eyed grandchildren. The play, which provokes such questions is on the Lyttelton apron next Thursday, then on July 17 and August 6 and 7; the book, which should help answer them, is on the stall just outside.

Arts Council – Drama

Robert Hewison

Stage-Managed

Still smarting from Sir Geoffrey Howe's decision to cut £1,114,000 from this year's already committed grant, Sir Roy Shaw, Secretary-General of the Arts Council, took the chair at its latest exercise in managerial democracy: a public forum on the Council's activities in the theatre. The Arts Council is acutely conscious that it is thought of by outsiders as a secretive, bureaucratic, and above all undemocratic monolith. The sixty-million-odd pounds that the Chancellor has left at its disposal are administered by shadow civil servants answerable to a Council appointed by the government, but not to Parliament. The experts the Council chooses to serve on its various panels represent only themselves, not any organisation to which they might belong. In an attempt to head off criticism from such quarters as the Labour Party's *The Arts and the People* and the TUC's working party on the arts, the Council has decided to open its doors to a series of meetings at which the policies of its various advisory panels can be discussed.

Appropriately, the Drama Panel's public forum was carefully stage-managed. The gala was by invitation only, and the size of the room at 105 Piccadilly kept numbers to 160. The questions had to be submitted in writing in advance, and when it came to answering them the trio on the rostrum, Roy Shaw, the Drama Panel's chairman Dr Richard Hoggart, and the Drama Director John Faulkner, were able to evade some of the thornier issues by giving general answers to whole groups of questions at a time. Inexperienced in the parliamentary art of asking supplementaries, the audience were subdued by their surroundings, and only the truculence shown by Dr Hoggart in defence of his decisions produced any dramatics.

The written questions were interesting, however, and more revealing than some of the answers they received. Dirty doings are suspected in some of the regional arts associations, at whose hands community theatre groups like North West Spanner, Bruvvers, and Skin and Bones (by their names ye shall know them), have been suffering what they perceive as political censorship. But beyond pointing out that devolution *means* devolu-

Another chance to see the
GRANADA
PRODUCTION OF
Charles Dickens'
Hard Times

- The first episode I found quite literally stunning. The designs, by Roy Stonehouse, are miraculously busy, teeming with detail. Director John Irvin's cameras track and zoom through streets boiling with horror. Everything has a grainy look, as if registered on a magic film stock which, though developed now, had been exposed then.
— *The Observer*

- Hard Times is a great book and this is a great dramatisation by Arthur Hopcraft, stunningly realised by John Irvin. I don't remember a more tangible evocation of the past.
— *Sunday Telegraph*

- Everything looks as though it has materialised into baked brown density out of the smouldering air. A splendid frame within which to let the story take on its weird and unsettling incandescence.
— *Sunday Times*

- A richly textured work of television with a gritty, grimy look you can almost feel . . . filled with the kind of smouldering outrage that Dickens gave the book.
— *Los Angeles Times*

- The series has the brilliant intensity of a daguerrotype. Dickens' lost and searching souls stare from their picture straight and unblinking, as if to say "This is how we were".
— *Time Magazine*

It begins again with a special two-hour episode at 10.15pm on SATURDAY 7TH JULY then on Saturday 14th July and Saturday 21st July

GRANADA

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tion, and that the Arts Council cannot act as a court of appeal, the Panel trio ducked the questions on the grounds that they would be answered at a later meeting devoted to the regional issue. Presumably one's attitude to devolution depends in practice on whether it works in your favour or not.

But then one's attitude to the Arts Council depends on whether it is deciding in your favour or not, and there were no complaints from the 101 professional companies getting their share of the Drama Panel's £8,090,500 this year. The questions came from those who are rejected or undersupported, in the main community theatre and fringe groups envious of the large sums that the Arts Council is committed to giving to its established clients. Inevitably there were generalised allegations of waste and overmanning at the National Theatre. In fact the grants to the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company are controlled directly by the Council itself, an arrangement that places our two top companies beyond the criticism of the Council's advisers. In defence of the National's £3 million a year John Faulkner claimed that the allegations of extravagance were all a fallacy, and that whenever a professional analysis is made of the books the accusations prove groundless. Since the questioners had not seen the books it was hard for them to argue.

All sides agreed that the problem was the lack of cash, and government spending on the arts has been cut back for the very first time. But beyond the recession the arts are facing, there remains the issue of the closed nature of the Arts Council itself. The Royal Charter ensures that the system of selection operates from the top downwards, and the advisory panels are in fact powerless, a truth illustrated when a current member of the Drama Panel tried to take on Dr Hoggart from the floor on an issue which the Council-appointed chairman decided had already been sufficiently debated in private by the Drama Panel. The real decisions appear to be made by the Drama Finance Committee, which reports directly to the Council. The Council's most powerful employee is the Finance Director, Anthony Field, who seemed almost surprised to be ignored when he offered to speak.

The Council holds to its policy that it will not publish the minutes of its meetings or the reports on which its decisions are made. It is the open government argument in miniature: council members and staff would be inhibited if they knew that their comments were to be published; disclosure of confidential matters might upset applicants' contacts with other organisations, to the extent that they are known to beg that their dealings be kept secret. Here Dr Hoggart is in favour of more open government, but he appears to be in a minority.

Instead, the Council goes through the ritual of consultation with an open forum – yet not so open; there were positive pleadings for a genuine member of the public to ask a question. A forum on music has already been held, further meetings are planned on art and regional policy. The first question put to the drama forum was whether and how the Arts Council intended to democratise itself. The reply was that a working party on organisation is to report next month. When and if that report is published, the question may be answered. For the moment these meetings remain a public relations exercise. A useful exercise, but not the real thing.

Sport

Russell Davies

Tall Story

□ You'll think this column is fantasising again, but I have to ask: who calls his parents Tannoy and Grummidge? Lulls himself to sleep with an Australian hypnotist's tape? Takes a size 11½ on his left foot and an 11 on his right and is known to all as 'Goose'? This last item is perhaps the most surprising, since Bob Willis's obsession with the music (and haircut) of Bob Dylan is so well known that one had assumed he was known as 'Dylan' to friend and foe. But 'Goose' it is, although we have to rely on the dust-jacket rather than the text of Willis's new book *Diary of a Cricket Season* (Pelham Books £5.50) to tell us so. Shy about his own nickname, Willis is very free with the sobriquets of others. He seems to enjoy them intensely – possibly even to need them, much as a solitary child might need to populate his world with imponderably christened teddy bears. Not that the names are private and peculiar to Willis alone; it seems to be accepted that Brearley, for no very interesting reason, is called 'Scagg', that Dennis Amiss ('for reasons unprintable') is known as 'Sacker', that Botham has very understandably earned the name of Guy (The Gorilla), and so on. For collectors of Botham lore, incidentally, there are one or two new nuggets here, e.g. 'His favourite trick at the moment is to stir his tea, then press the scalding hot spoon against somebody's bare arm. Rad was the sufferer today, and took his punishment well . . .'

Very tall people specialise in blunt opinions, and Willis does not let the tradition down ('Fiery' Boycott 'is selfish on the field, self-indulgent in most ways and possesses the unfortunate knack of saying the wrong thing'); but on the whole it's the diaristic aspect of this book that is responsible for its fleeting, but real, charm. The reader does get something of the feeling of a season, from 'that slightly polished mustiness about pavilions in April' to the tedious and resented obligatory net-practice in September; and the difficulties of self-motivation at the various lower levels of the game – starting a damp day's play at five o'clock in a deserted Edgbaston, for instance – are thrown into sharper relief by the overwhelming nervous excitements of Test Cricket ('I took a salt tablet and promptly vomited my breakfast'). A man who spends so much energy fighting his own moods must inevitably be an erratic, but predominantly big-match, player; and in this Willis has influenced his county's behaviour almost excessively. Warwickshire, I see, are still as hopeless as they ever were on Sundays – their John Player 'Black Sabbaths'. Last Sunday every one of their bowlers, including Willis himself, was taken for around six runs an over.

□ In a quiet alcove away from Dan Maskell, whose revolving bow-tie was the focus of festivity at Wimbledon's mid-Tournament Ball last weekend, I asked the Deputy Referee, Flight Lieutenant Jerry Rawlings, how he thought things had been going. If not quite over the moon, he seemed in a promising orbit. 'It bothers me a bit that not all our linesmen need glasses this year,' he told me, 'but I am particularly chuffed with Court 2. We had a lot of argle-bargle during the winter over the type of grass to be laid there. I was personally against grass altogether, preferring a new fast-growing self-seeding surface they have developed in Venezuela, greaseweed, which not only has the ball shooting through at ground level but also defies the players to stay upright in any known footwear apart from lead-lined diving boots. But the compromise we worked out seems to have come through pretty well. The grass itself is possibly a bit too – you know, *bland* – but the underlay of rotting doormats and Funny Foam is keeping them guessing.' The desired effect, I suggested, had been achieved in especially snappy style with the elimination of McEnroe. 'Exactly', Rawlings agreed. 'Gullikson, as you know, practises on mole hills in his home town of Swole Ankle, Arkansas, and we felt he was the ideal cove to bad-bounce The Brat out of the Tournament. Mind you, if he hadn't, we were ready with bromided barley water and an umpire who was prepared to mispronounce The Brat's name in seven different ways, ending up with Macaroon.' 'You take Borg to win, then?' I ventured. 'We like Borg', replied the man in the grey flannel shorts, 'because Borg likes us. And we like Tanner, because Tanner likes grass. So we're looking to a Borg versus Tanner final, with two sets of invisibly fast serving going to Tanner, then Tanner tires, Borg cleans up the last three, and all that remains is for the Duchess of Thingy to come on and bung over the dish.' 'The cup,' I reminded him. 'Bung over the cup.' 'Oh well, since you're offering,' said he, 'I don't mind if I do.'

Our television critic, Julian Barnes, is on holiday.

Weekend Competition

No 2573 **Set by A. Boteman**

You have in the past described horrific holidays and disgusting meals, so now try your hand at ghastly parties, as captured in the fragments of conversation that you hear as you lurk in your corner wishing you were somewhere else. Max. 150 words; by 20 July.

Result of No 2570 **Set by Fat Boy**

We asked for apocryphal anecdotes about Georges – Orwell, Shaw, Bryon or Kings I-VI.

Report **by C. Rushton**

A STATESMAN-like concentration on Orwell and Shaw, a decided lack of interest in the monarchy and an almost total neglect of Byron. Not so easy after all, it seemed, for imagination to add much reality. Actual reminiscences about the Georges are to be found in the *Dictionary of Biographical Quotation*, a copy of which (courtesy Messrs Routledge and Kegan Paul) to each winner, plus six pounds.

From one of Colonel Stanhope's letters

Word having been received that there was a Bey in the neighbourhood, making it a matter of some moment that intelligence of his proceedings be obtained, His Lordship decided to disguise himself as a woman, the local costume of loose chemise and voluminous bag trousers permitting, by the insertion of a few pillows, a tolerable counterfeit of

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femininity. His Lordship's face, happily, was protected by the veil beneath which the Turkish fair conceals her charms. The stratagem proved eminently successful, His Lordship returning three days later from the enemy camp, fully assured that there was no truth in the alarming rumour. On the way back, however, he encountered by mischance one of the bands of brigands who infest the region, and was by them taken to their chieftain, who immediately indicated his intention of adding His Lordship to his seraglio. Upon their withdrawing together to a private apartment, His Lordship disclosed his sex, but was surprised to find that this proved no deterrent. The matter was, as I understand, in due course resolved to the satisfaction of both parties.

PETER PETERSON

Behind the tradition-encrusted stone, marmoreal and immemorial, stood the School Farm, a mixed small-holding where the boys were inculcated with the caring ethos, and in other ways developed their perception of the men they were destined to rule.

'You must remember,' says a friend of that time who wishes to remain anonymous, 'Eric was still affecting the kilt he wore until the age of almost 14. Often, in the school canteen lunch queue, he would amuse us by heel and toeing over a hastily improvised knife and fork. Imagine then the sun spreading glory over Windsor, two golden youths leaning on the pig fence.'

'Don't you think Eric that there's a story too deep for tears in these poor creatures?' asked Cyril.

'No Pally I don't. I've decided I'm going to be a policeman when I grow up.'

Later, the same friend reports, he dropped the kilt and concentrated his interests on thin moustaches and declarative sentences. His later career came as a complete surprise, though not his name. He was always Porgie in the dorm.

ROY KELLY

Dear Miss X,

I am loth to interrupt the Queen's funeral, that rapturous festival of mourning which you and the nation are enjoying so much, but why should I lend you £50? What have your creditors done that I should let them taste blood (*my* blood)? You are *not* a middle-class lady living in slavery and poverty but an actress of genius, an incarnation of all the demons in hell. The vulgarities of marriage and so-called love are impossible between us except as a joke.

I have a sprained ankle. My left foot is a swollen balloon. Leaving the Vestry yesterday I fell down a fathom of stairs and lay on the pavement with a broken arm, perfectly relaxed and happy, until some solicitous fools rushed to help. I dismissed them by explaining that I *always* descend staircases head first. I am callous to humiliations and generally assume that others are callous too but call me a gentleman again and I will damn you to eternity. You are a thousand times right to keep me out of reach of your petticoats.

Yrs GBS

GERRY HAMILL

Few people know of the close friendship that developed at Eton between Blair, then in his teens, and the flamboyant B.G. Brotherton. By the age of ten Brotherton had mastered *Principia Mathematica* and was busily applying Bertrand Russell's logical ideas to political theory. He was working on a perfect language that should be absolutely precise and allows no possibility of ambiguity. His fascination with Russell's 'class paradox' led him, I remember, to argue thus: the idea of classes that are not members of themselves leads to a paradox and so must be ignored; since the class of workers ('proles' he called them) is not a worker it is not a member of itself so it must be ignored. Blair's friendship with 'Brother', as he called him, ended in 1922 when B.G. claimed that 'sex' was an ambiguous word and must be forbidden; in his language it no more named anything than 'the present King of France' so it followed that sexual activity of any kind was non-existent. From that time, I believe, Blair never thought of B.G. again but I often wonder if there is any trace of his influence in Blair's writing.

PETER ALEXANDER

Tony Miles

Chess

No 139 **The Oude Meester Grand Prix**

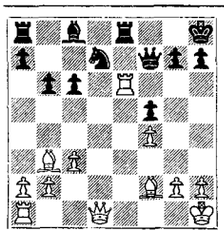
The Oude Meester Grand Prix was an unusual event for a number of reasons. Firstly it was held in South Africa, as far as I know the first real international tournament ever to be held there. Secondly it was a four-player quadruple round all-play-all, something rarely seen in recent years. The idea was to play four 'mini-tournaments' in each of four cities – Pretoria, Durban, Cape Town and Johannesburg – to make up the Grand Prix.

The format turned out to be rather more responsive to match play techniques than those of tournament play – as Lein and I found out to our cost. Solid play was successful and a single lost game proved particularly difficult to retrieve. In a strange way the first leg – even the first round – almost decided the whole competition. Lein lost timidly to Korchnoi and I played too sharply and went down to Unzicker. In round two I lost feebly to Korchnoi while the other game was drawn. In the final Pretoria round I beat Lein in a scrappy affair, but Unzicker, with White, went successfully straight for the half-point against Korchnoi.

The final scores were Korchnoi 8½, Unzicker 6½, Miles 5, Lein 4. Of the individual players, Korchnoi played reasonably, but really Lein and I both gave him too much encouragement. Unzicker was really the surprise of the tournament (if that doesn't sound impolite). He took all the opportunities that came his way, and defended resolutely when necessary. I was disappointing – my play against Korchnoi was miserable, and I just couldn't finish Unzicker; even my 3-1 against Lein was flattering. Lein, himself, had a disastrous start (Æ/6) and could never really hope to recover, though in the second half he did at least give glimpses of his true form.

White: V Korchnoi **Black: A Lein**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-QB3, B-N5; 4.P-K3, 0-0; 5.B-Q3, P-Q4; 6.P-QR3, BxNch; 7.PxB, P-B4; 8.BPxP, KPxP; 9.N-K2! P-QN3; 10.0-0, B-R3; 11.P-B3, R-K1; 12.N-N3, BxB; 13.QxB, N-B3; 14.B-N2, PxP; 15.BPxP, N-QR4; 16.P-K4, N-B5; 17.B-B1, P-QN4; 18.P-K5, N-Q2; 19.P-B4, Q-N3; 20.K-R1, P-QR4; 21.P-B5, P-N5; 22.N-R5, K-R1; 23.PxP, PxP; 24.RxR, BxR; 25.Q-N3, P-N3; 26.P-K6! PxN; 27.PxN, R-KN1; 28.R-K1, RxQ; 29.PxR, K-N2; 30.R-K8, P-N6; 31.P-Q8=Q, QxQ, 32.RxQ, P-N7; 33.BxP, NxB; 34.K-N1, Resigns.



Problem 139

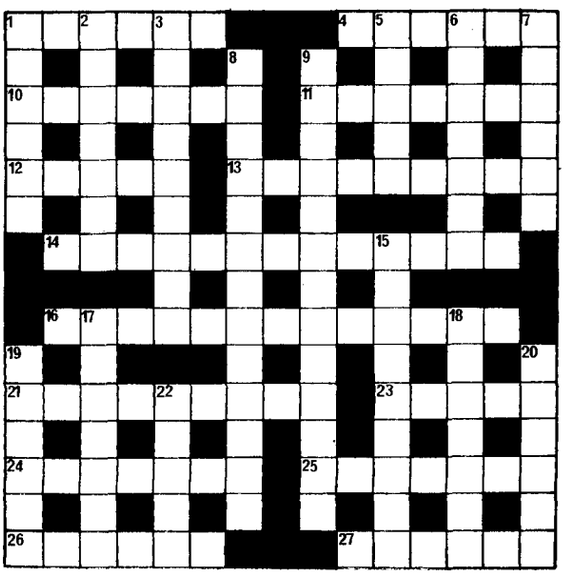
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarket not later than 18 July.

Solution to Problem 137

1 . . . P-K7; 2.B-N4!! (but not P-R3, P-N5!) **P-K8=Q** (If KxB P-B3ch and K-B2) **3.P-R3!** and with the Black king cut off the position is a draw.

Weekend Crossword 1308

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1308, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 17 July.



ACROSS

1 Being worthless, has collapsed in the attempt (6).

4 Fights for pieces (6).

10 Musicians allowed to make a poem (7).

11 State of a priest without a degree (7).

12 State which is left inside paper (5).

13 He showed how water could help the spinners (9).

14 Earl Marshal's Military Academy? (7,2,4).

16 Exaggeration although potentially the event matters nothing (13).

21 A third nun injured in sudden attack (3,3,3).

23 I go in all directions to discover animals (5).

24 Russian statesman starting to make a noise about fate (7).

25 What the horse did when heeding change (7).

26 The new styles are most cunning (6).

27 Looked askance when there is danger behind the shelter (6).

DOWN

1 The French you put on mountains as instructors (6).

2 Excited when a goat goes wild about it (7).

3 Athlete from eastern hill farm (9).

5 Preside when I go in to do menial work (5).

6 Mixture which gives a man gravity in the mornings (7).

7 'Was everything by ——, and nothing long' (Dryden) (6).

8 Hit which is the most direct way of getting out? (8,5).

9 Where to be sober after nightfall (4,9).

15 I care madly about obscurity in a truce (9).

17 Essentially opposed to it with a friend (7).

18 Not one which may be in there (7).

19 The winners have tea with members (6).

20 Closely united even if old age were forgotten (6).

22 The wind for others (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 19

S	U	P	P	L	E	R	I	H	R	A	M	
A	L	C	H	E	M	I	S	T	O	V	A	
T	T	C	I	V	E	G	O	R	G	E	T	
R	E	L	L	I	S	H	C	O	U	R	T	
A	R	A	I	S	E	T	H	C	E	M	E	
P	I	P	S	Q	U	E	A	K	M	O	R	
O	O	P	T	U	R	N	S	T	O	N	E	
I	R	E	I	E	O	A	M	E	N	T	A	
L	E	R	N	A	D	I	M	M	E	R	S	
C	Y	B	E	L	E	D	O	P	Y	O	T	
A	R	O	C	E	L	L	U	L	O	S	E	
N	A	Y	A	R	A	E	X	E	T	E	R	

Prizewinners to Salamanca 19

J. C. Hutchinson (Rothesay)
Colin Coates (Derby)
A.L. Vann (Ascot)

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APPOINTMENTS

COHSE

Britain's Health Service Union

Press Assistant

£4,389 - £4,683
+ £354 London Weighting

This is a new post and the successful applicant will work to the Head of Research and Public Relations at the Union's Head Office in Banstead, Surrey. The objective will be to develop contacts particularly with the provincial dailies and regional broadcasting. Newspaper Society or broadcasting experience is essential and knowledge of trade union and NHS questions is desirable. This post will be ideal for a young qualified journalist with a few years experience, who wants to use his/her skills in the labour movement.

Three weeks 3 days annual leave plus 10 public holidays, 5-day week, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Pension scheme.

Write with full details to the Research Officer, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey SM7 2LH.

General Manager

required for a small (30+ employees) **specialised newsletter publishing company in London EC1.**

Candidates should combine a record of proven administrative ability in a commercial organisation with a commitment to internal company democracy. The successful candidate would be answerable to an elected Management Committee. Desirable qualifications would include an understanding of modern budgeting and financial forecasting techniques, an ability to deal with accountants, bankers and lawyers, an understanding of Spanish, an interest in Latin America, left of centre politics, a knowledge of the different phases of a publishing operation, a willingness to survive in the marketplace, and a warm and friendly personality. The job is extremely challenging, with great opportunities for someone with creative managerial talents. Salary is negotiable depending on present salary in the range £6,000-£10,000. Please reply in writing as soon as possible, with as full a resumé as possible, to:

General Manager, BCM 1188, London WC1.

SHE

is looking for

SENIOR ART EDITOR

Someone who can control and develop the look of the magazine without changing its unique character. Who can create pages with real stopping power. Who may be a bit of a nut but has a hard core of self-discipline.

Experience in magazines is not essential, but enthusiasm, a passion for pictures and a thorough knowledge of type definitely are.

Please reply to: **Beverlie Flower, National Magazine House, 72 Broadwick Street, London W1V 2BP.**

AGE CONCERN ENGLAND

National Old People's Welfare Council Bernard Sunley House 60 Pitcairn Road Mitcham Surrey CR4 3LL ☎ 01 640 5431

Information Officer

(HEALTH & SOCIAL SERVICES)

An Information Officer specialising in all matters concerned with health and social services for elderly people is required in a busy Information Department. The work involves dealing with all general enquiries on health and social services, monitoring and keeping up to date with health and social services policies and developments, liaison with statutory and voluntary bodies.

Salary on a scale of £4,208-£5,098, 4 weeks holiday, subsidised staff canteen and contributory pension scheme.

Further details and application form from **The Administrative Secretary, Age Concern England, 60 Pitcairn Road, Mitcham, Surrey CR4 3LL.**

Closing date for applications **20 July 1979.**

UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

Bolivia. Co-operative Advisor

To assist in the administration and development of a carpentry co-operative that is working to generate employment, training and organisation amongst the unemployed on the outskirts of La Paz. Administrative skills are essential and some knowledge of carpentry would be useful.

Sociologist

To work with a church based group in the Santa Cruz region of Eastern Bolivia, to help evaluate the efforts of migrant cotton pickers to organise and win improved conditions.

Middle East. Course Developer

To work at a small polytechnic developing engineering and industrial sociology curricula. The person would also be carrying out a survey of possibilities for industrial development.

Appointments are for two years. Volunteer terms of service, including fares, modest living allowance, outfitting, mid term and resettlement grants, plus language and job training as appropriate.

Further details and application form for these and other posts (including radio engineer, mechanic agriculturist and rural engineer) in Latin America from:

United Nations Association International Service,
3 Whitehall Court, London SW1A 2EL. Tel. 01-930 0679.

THE POST OFFICE ENGINEERING UNION

Personal Assistant to the General Treasurer

(GRADE I)

This senior position for a Personal Assistant exists in a busy modern office, close to Hanger Lane station. The successful applicant will require a high standard of secretarial skills, the ability to act on their own initiative, a courteous and diplomatic telephone manner, and the ability to draft replies to letters on routine and more complex subjects. An order methodical mind is essential and an ability to deal with people at all levels. A commitment to the broader aims and objectives of the Trade Union and Labour Movement is essential.

Current salary £4,479.96 p.a. rising to £4,550.06 p.a. (increase pending), subsidised canteen facilities, 28 days holiday, increasing with length of service, contributory pension scheme.

Please forward full details of experience and curriculum vitae to: **Mrs S. Killip, POEU, Greystone House, 150 Brunswick Road, Ealing, London W5 1AW. Telephone 01-998 2981.** Closing date for receipt of applications, **13 July 1979.**

THE LINGUIST AGENCY
17 Shaftesbury Avenue,
London W1 requires

Bi-lingual secretaries

in the following languages: **Italian, Spanish, French, German** for responsible well paid positions in central London. **Please ring 01-439 1810** to arrange an interview.

Experienced

Telephonist/Receptionist

PABX 1 (7 lines)

required for busy union office in Stockwell area. Hours 9.30-5.30. Salary £3,318. 4 wks annual leave. Please telephone **Miss Long/Mrs Gaffney 01-737 2011 for interview.**

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MOZAMBIQUE SKILLED MANPOWER NEEDED

IVS

is presently recruiting qualified and experienced volunteers for service in Mozambique.
Types of personnel needed include:

Agriculturalists, Horticulturalists, Agricultural engineers and mechanics, foresters; Mechanical, Civil, Construction and Water **Engineers,** Surveyors, Architects; **Doctors,** paediatricians, obstetricians, family planning specialists, dentists, public health inspectors and **nurse/midwife tutors.**

Application form from:

International Voluntary Service

Section OS 77C,
IVS, Regent Road,
Leicester LE1 6YL.

Teacher Required

for one year from September 1979 in small co-ed boarding school (secondary) for boys games and general subjects (maths bias preferred).

Apply in writing:
CHILD COURT SCHOOL, WINCANTON, SOMERSET.

Closing date for receipt of applications: **18 July, 1979.**

ATTLEE FOUNDATION

SECRETARY

This foundation initiates and supports social projects and investigations specially with young people. Based at Toynbee Hall there is now to be appointed, under the direction of the Warden, a Foundation Secretary with responsibility for day to day work including indentifying and monitoring projects and liaison with voluntary and statutory bodies.
Applications for this post at a salary of £5,000 (negotiable) should be addressed to: **The Warden, Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, London E1 6LS.**

CAMDEN COMMUNITY LAW CENTRE

requires

TWO WORKERS

to fill:
one post in the IMMIGRATION UNIT to help develop the work of this new unit. Experience in race and immigration work essential;
and one post in the FAMILY UNIT to work on care proceedings, school suspensions, children's rights etc. Interest in care proceedings essential and experience in family law an advantage.
One of the persons appointed will be a lawyer.

For job description contact: Camden Community Law Centre, 146 Kentish Town Road, London NW1. 01-485 6672. Closing date for applications 30 July 1979.

BUSINESS CAREERS in Finance, Commerce, Insurance, etc. for experienced people and Trainees. Contact Covent Garden Appointments, 01-353 7696.

TOYNBEE HALL
new post

Administrator

Responsibilities: broad involvement in administration of the Settlement, under the Warden, particularly covering company secretaryship, personnel management and financial co-ordination. Experience in these fields essential. Salary £6,500 negotiable — in addition to family accommodation and all meals.
Application to: **The Warden, Toynbee Hall, 27 Commercial Street, London E1 6LS.**

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES — JAMAICA

Applications are invited for the posts of

LECTURER/ASSISTANT LECTURER

in the

DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT.

The vacant positions are in the following areas: (1) Comparative Politics with particular reference to advanced states. Preference will be given to an applicant who can also contribute to the International Politics course. (2) Public Sector Economics. Preference will be given to an applicant who is also able to assist in the Public Policy and International Institutions courses. The appointees are expected to assume duties as soon as possible. Salary scales (under review). Lecturer J$8,913-13,917 pa, Assistant Lecturer J$7,236-7,926 pa (£1 sterling=J$3.68). Family passages; FSSU. Unfurnished accommodation will be let by the University at a rental of 10% of salary. If, however, the staff member provides his/her own accommodation, he/she will be paid a housing allowance of 20% of his/her pensionable salary. Detailed applications (three copies) with curriculum vitae and naming three referees should be sent direct as soon as possible to the Registrar, University of the West Indies, Mona, Kingston 7, Jamaica, W.I. Applicants resident in the UK should also send one copy to the Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL THEORY AND INSTITUTIONS

Applications are invited for the post of LECTURER (Special Appointment) IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION in the above Department renewable annually for a maximum of two years from 1 October 1979. The duties are principally concerned with teaching courses for public servants from this country and overseas who have been seconded to the University for training on public administration courses at undergraduate and postgraduate level.

The initial salary will be within the range £4,232-£5,321 per annum on a scale rising to £8,452 per annum.

Applications, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 27 July 1979, by The Registrar, The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool L69 3BX, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Quote ref. RV/678.

ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY

Small friendly SOCIAL MEDICINE UNIT seeks efficient person to manage office who can type well and is good at layout. Salary around £4,000. Generous leave. Further details from:

INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL STUDIES IN MEDICAL CARE,
14 South Hill Park,
Hampstead NW3.
Tel. 01-794 7794

UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Sydney, Australia

CHAIR OF SOCIOLOGY

Applications are invited for appointment to the second chair in the School of Sociology. The other chair is occupied by the present head of the School, Professor S. Encel.
Undergraduates may take sociology as a major stand towards an Arts degree or in a combined Arts/Law programme. The University plans to introduce a new cross-disciplinary course leading to the award of the degree of Bachelor of Social Science. The course will be oriented towards social research, planning, social policy, and administration. Administrative responsibility for this course will be vested in one of the professors within the School of Sociology, and it is hoped to inaugurate the program as soon as possible after the second chair has been filled.
Salary: $A33,061 per annum. Subject to the consent of the University Council, professors may undertake a limited amount of higher consultative work. The Council reserves the right to fill any chair by invitation.
Full details and conditions of appointment can be obtained from the Secretary General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.
Applications close 31 August 1979.

RELEASE COLLECTIVE

NATIONAL ADVICE AND INFORMATION AGENCY

(Drugs, Legal, Housing, etc.)
needs energetic, efficient and experienced

CO ADMINISTRATOR.

Interest in one of our areas of advice-work and in fund-raising essential. Salary £3,700 (generous holidays). Write, giving full details to

RELEASE COLLECTIVE,
1 Elgin Avenue, London W8.

ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

ASSISTANT COMMITTEE SECRETARY

Salary range: £3,780-£4,647 p.a. (review July)

Our Committee section is looking for someone, either with previous committee work experience or interest in being trained, for this very important post. If you are aged 25-45, able to work on your own initiative and take responsibility, and have good typing with a knowledge of shorthand, we should like to hear from you. The duties of this extremely interesting post include attendance at meetings and personal contact with blind and sighted committee members. Commencing salary, according to qualifications and experience, with good prospects, plus free lunch in staff restaurant. Excellent RNIB pension scheme with transferability. Hours: 9.0 - 5.15. Applications giving age, qualifications, and experience, including present post and salary to: Personnel Officer, RNIB, 224 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6AA.

PERSON req. full or part-time to run newly opened secondhand & Antiquarian Science bookshop near Piccadilly. Experience not essential. Good refs reqd. Graham Weiner, 78 Rosebery Rd, London N10 or 01-883 8424.

CONTENTED TEMPS at Stella Fisher. Varied bookings (all London areas), top rates of pay and a really personal service, are enjoyed by our Secs, shorthand and audio, and Copy Typists etc. Prove it when you call: our only address: Stella Fisher Staff Bureau, 110 Strand WC2. 01-836 6644 (opp. Strand Palace Hotel).

ASSISTANT EDITOR Illustrated Books + Intl Co-Editions for well known Clapham Publishing Group. £3,800-£4,200. Some previous exp. a must. Covent Garden Staff Bureau, 01-353 7696.

MANAGER REQUIRED. Experience essential, books, art and crafts. Good working conditions, no Sats. Excellent opportunities. Chinese Collet's Bookshop and Gallery. Tel. Mr Mendelsohn 01-734 0782.

STUDENT required to work as messenger (general office assistant) at New Statesman during the summer. Please ring Ted Peacock on 01-405 8471.

ARCHITECTS, Neal St, Covent Garden, require Secretary, whole/part-time. Tel. 01-240 3353.

ARE YOU GRADUATE or 'A' Level Secretary or Typist seeking creative work in Publishing, The Arts, Current Affairs, Business World and Non-Commercial? Splendid Permanent and Temporary work always available at Covent Garden Staff Bureau 01-353 7696.

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LONE PARENT, 36, seeks part-time secretarial work, preferably in non-commercial organisation. Own typewriter. Box 5715.

CLERICAL OFFICER, 52, reliable, conscientious, good at figures, at dead-end in Civil Service. Seeks position where integrity and intellect are rewarded. South East or Central London. Swanley 63481 (eves).

Secretarial

ARCHITECTS, Neal St, Covent Garden, require Secretary, whole/part-time. Tel. 01-240 3353.

FAST, EFFICIENT, Reliable Service for the production of manuscripts, schedules, specifications & any secretarial work reqd by the professional man. Pl. call Mary Garside 01-549 7302. (24 hr answering service).

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts. 452 6617.

BOOKS, theses, scripts, office typing. Tapes/duplicating. Ann Walker 01-584 0198.

TYPING SERVICE. Contact: Diane Brown, 5 Grove Road, Lydney, Glos.

Accom. Vacant

HIGH BARNET. Bed-sit. + sep. kitchen. C/heating. £17 p.w. incl. bills. Single prof. person. 01-449 1990 eves.

BLOOMSBURY: Attractive flat near British Museum. Suit acadamic couple. £90 p.w. Avail. 21 July-31 Aug. Box 5736.

SURBITON, 16 mins Waterloo. 3 bedrm town house. £70 p.w. 18 Rookery Close, Leatherhead 72619.

LONDON N10: s/c. furn. 3-bdrm family flat. 28 July-10 Aug. £70 p.w. 01-444 6887.

PRIMROSE HILL, London NW3. Aug., academics 3 bdrm house, garden, quiet, nr tube, shops, zoo. 20 mins West End. £75 p.w. Box 5743 or tel. 01-722 4089.

ISLINGTON: large house to let. 22 July 5 wks, slps 7. Every facility. Faces park, tube 2 mins. £150 p.m. Ring 01-226 1753.

COVENT GARDEN. Stylish 2 rm flat with kitchen and bathroom. Suit academic. £85 p.w. Reply quickly to Box 5751.

BEDFORD PARK, W4. Delightful flat in private house (single bedroom, sitting room, bathroom, kitchen) available 2 months from mid-July for mature, responsible, quiet tenant with impeccable references. Same also available from mid-September preferably for visiting academic. £35 p.w. all in. Box 5621.

S. LONDON. 3 bdrm house, lge gdn, 2 recep., 25 mins Charing X stn. 3 wks from 19 July. £60 p.w. 01-699 4763.

CENTRAL LONDON. House to let 21 July to 11 August. 5 bedrooms, gdn. £100 p.w. 01-485 8861.

VILLA KATMANDU TO LET for 9/15 mths, from Oct. '79. 4 beds, 3 baths, recep. rms, lge gdns. Rent $500 per mth incl. 3 staff. Write Dr Michael Oppitz, c/o Nepal Research Centre, P.O. 180, Katmandu.

Accom. Wanted

SOPHIA, EFL teacher, 29, seeks accommodation within easy reach central London. Up to £20 p.w. From end Aug./early Sept. Write Box 5700.

HOUSEBOAT OR BARGE wanted in sound condition, with London mooring. Two bedrooms or larger. Ring 0892 21228 after 5 p.m. or weekends.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-18 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Property

TUSCANY, near Galole-in-Chianti. S/c. part of farmhouse. 4 lge rooms, bathroom; electricity, pumped well-water. 2 acres olives. £17,500 o.n.o. 01-226 9796.

FOR SALE: 3 bedroomed terrace house, close to Newington Green. 2 receps, large kitchen, bathroom, separate w.c., part c.h. 60ft gdn. Freehold £21,000. 01-249 1098 evgs.

Financial

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd, 175 Regent Street, London W1. Tel. 01-734 1974.
IMMEDIATE ADVANCES, £50-£20,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St. New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

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Personal

LAKE DISTRICT: country flat sleeps 4, also furn. room. Tel. Braithwaite 227.

FREELANCE RESEARCHER with knowledge of French, German and Italian. Also typing and typesetting service. 01-737 3426.

OPERA IN ESPERANTO. 'Pirates of Penzance'. Swanwick, 14 July. Details British Esperanto Assn, 140 Holland Park Avenue, London W11 4UF.

GLYNDEBOURNE. Tickets for Mozart and Strauss, 17 and 31 July. Male opera lover with car who would like to share. Please write Box 5744.

INEXPENSIVE OIL PAINTING of women, produced in your own surroundings. If you would like an original work. 01-866 1964.

FREE ACCOMMODATION plus allowance, minimal nursing, disabled but cheerful old lady. 01-346 3335.

ALMOST BANKRUPT teacher, f., 30, needs to get away this summer. Can teach *literacy, numeracy, art, Can type, drive.* Box 5702.

'T' REG. DRIVER offers 2 seats to/from Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, 25 July-14 Aug. Tel. 0480 671 41.

GINSENG — Capsules, 30 days supply, £3. Tablets £2.90, ginseng whole-root chips *or powder 21 days supply £2.20. Ovalcroft,* Dept NS, 71-73 High Street, Barnet, Herts.

AUTHORS INVITED SUBMIT MSS, all types (including poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe. (Established 1898).

THE SHADOW PARLIAMENT urgently requires your wisdom at its next debate. 01-459 8225.

LIFT EXCHANGE CENTRE arranges petrol sharing rides UK/Continent/Further. Drivers with space call 01-834 9225. Would-be passengers register at Scala Cafe, Scala Street, W1. 2 p.m.-8 p.m.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League *caters for mind, body and spirit — politics,* music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

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INTERESTED IN WRITING. Our free wallet contains details of our Freelance Writing magazine, courses of mail tuition and catalogue of American Books for Writers. Freelance *Press Services (NS), 5/9 Bexley* Square, Salford, Manchester M3 6DB.

ADVICE ON NATURISM. Nola Baker, Naturist HQ, Orpington BR5 4ET.

PERSONAL GROWTH Through Self Discovery. Ryan: Telephone 01-261 1677.

SCULPTOR, 30s, reqs girl companion, Med. 2 wks. Naturist vac. 21 July. Box 5765.

DIVORCEE, 48, 5'9", slim, self-supporting, children grown up, own cottage near Oxford. Intelligent, sense of humour etc. (can write and send photo). Would like to meet a man also looking for someone. Box 5374.

SLIMMING? Ovalco — overweights — the amazing super aid to slimmers, containing lecithin, kelp, cider-vinegar, vitamin B6, 120 capsules, + diet guide weight/height chart, 34pp calories value booklet and personal daily weight graph. £2.65 + 30 p, p&p. Dept NS, Ovalcroft, 71-73 High Street, Barnet, Herts.

SLIMMING AGAIN? — Ovalco slimming aid that includes diet guide, weight for height chart (men & women), 34pp calory value booklet and personal daily weight graph. 75p posted. Ovalcroft,, Dept NS, 71/73 High Street, Barnet, Herts.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, historian (nominally 52, but so what?) mildly manic, tenderly affectionate, deplorably viril, intermittently creative—naturally monogamous but unnaturally celibate hooked on Mozart operas, obscene limericks, champaigne-and-*oysters, Renoir, Truffaut,* Scandinavia, Wales etc (vive le p'tit 'etcetra'!); invites, nay challenges, intelligent, comely, warm-hearted wench (if such there be) disposed to weddedness and parenthood, to waive time-consuming preliminaries and share wild, wanton July/Agust vacation (Lapland? Aegean? Shangri-la? Wigan?) followed, with mutual content, by wild, wanton For-Ever-After. Replies, to Box 5677.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS TARNISH when no longer shared. Bruised but smiling tall male, intelligent, unchauvinistic, 40s, imperfect with many interests, seeks feminine lady with whom to revisit regularly land of affection, enjoyment, expression, purpose. No conditions. Midlands/E. Anglia preferred. Box 5767.

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DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate Introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer *Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd,* London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

JOAN REMICK MARRIAGE BUREAU — Let's help your spring go with a zing. Ring 01-584 5151; 155 Knightsbridge, SW1.

LOVE & MARRIAGE LTD has the best selection of home loving men & women throughout the UK. S.a.e.: 400 Harrow Rd, London W9.

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FAMILY PLANNING: Choose from our FPA-approved range. Introductory prices: 13-sheath sampler £1; 48 Gossamer £4.10; 48 Fiesta £4.61; 48 Unison £4.99; 48 Nu Form Extra Safe £4.99; 40 Forget Me Not £3.15 plus free 'expert's guide to the *sheath' with your first order. Dept. NSN21,* FP Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL. Central Georgian flat/gdn. 25 Aug.-8 Sept. 0602 225761 wkdays/eves.

GREECE. Isle of Skyros. Cottage to let on the Beach. 7 Sept. onwards. Sip 4 comfortably. *£85 p.w. 01-940 5468.*

USSR YOUTH TOUR. 18 Aug., for 15 days. Four centres. Scheduled flights and fully inclusive programme. Progressive Tours, 12 Porchester Place, London W1. 01-262 1676.

WELSH HILLS. Superb situation, all comforts. *D. b. & b., £40 p.w. Bonner, Bron* Fadog, Trefriw, N. Wales. Llanrwst 640566.

BEST VALUE FARES, regular, reliable departures, World Wide and European destinations. LAS Empire House, 119 Regent Street, London W1. Phone 439 8511 (Answerphone) 2/3.

AFRICA! *Unforgettable overland journeys.* September departures, 18 weeks via West to East Africa £759. 3½-week wildlife Safari Kenya £230. Free brochure: Adventure Africa, 34b High Street, Ramsbury, Wiltshire. (067 22) 569.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa, Salisbury Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

PICK RASPBERRIES IN SCOTLAND. July/Aug. Campsite avail. Send large s.a.e. to Vac-Work, 9 Park End Street, Oxford.

BUN TRAVEL. Greece, Italy, Switzerland, *Germany, Spain. 01-734 6681/2.*

DORDOGNE: Caravan to let, sleeps 4, beautiful setting, all cons. From £45 p.w. Tel. 0225 65120.

OLD ROUGH WELSH COTTAGE to let, with mod. cons, lots of character, lonely situation, lovely views. Carmarthenshire. Sleeps 4/5. £30 p.w. 0424 426479.

URGENTLY NEEDED!

A foster home for a 16 year old girl

who has been in care for most of her life. She needs consistent love and care and can be most rewarding to work with. She is due to leave school in July and hopes to find employment locally. There will be close support from the social worker and enhanced rates are payable. Applications are welcome from families and/or working couples in the North London area. Please telephone **01-202 5233 ext. 26 during office hours.**

London Borough of Barnet

Your car could help the drive to conquer cancer.

If you sell your car by public auction, you could find it surprisingly easy to donate some money to cancer research.

How?

Simply tell us that you would like to help and give us the reserve price that you wish to receive from the sale of your car. Any additional money raised in the auction above your reserve price will automatically go equally towards Cancer Research Campaign and the Gunnar Nilsson Appeal.

What to do?

The first big auction is on September 15th and we want to make it a big success. So please help. If you'd like more information or you definitely want to put your car into the auction call Faversham (079 582) 5468 or write to Car Auctions, Cancer Research Campaign, PO Box No 18, Faversham, Kent ME13 8UP.

Cancer Research CAMPAIGN

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN FOR RESEARCH

MORE OF YOUR MONEY GOES ON RESEARCH

War on Want Campaign against World Poverty

Nicaragua today, torn by violence, with thousands made refugees by the conflict, highlights the situation of the poor and poor, powerful and exploited — inequalities maintained

Central America is a region of inequalities between rich and *poor, powerful and exploited — inequalities maintained* by repression and persecution.

War on Want is already working on programmes of support for groups of the poor within these countries and has now set up a relief fund for assistance to refugees and other victims of current violence.

The Fighting in Nicaragua has shown the need for such a fund, as families, already struggling for survival, are set deeper into poverty with breadwinners killed or in exile.

Can you help by donating to War on Want's **CENTRAL AMERICA RELIEF FUND ?**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

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